

cial Limelight Tour
IN THE
ERN PROVINCE.

ANTON and Capt. WATSON

the under-mentioned places with
light scenes of Darkest England
with the Memorial Service, and an
each place a stock of "Grip-
" Boxes. Local agents will be
each corps. Will you help feed
to Lazarus? They will visit:

LD—Sunday and Monday, April
2nd.
PE—Tuesday and Wednesday,
3rd and 4th.

en's Shelter.

ATION ARMY HOME FOR WORK-
ING WOMEN."

soldiers and friends are com-
ed to come and see for them-
charming little haven of

of fare speaks for itself:

"Retreat,"

THE SALVATION ARMY

- Women's Home,

OW OPEN,

Street, East side Temple.

and CLEAN, WARM BEDS

THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

2 cents.
and Bread .. 3 "
ew .. 6 "
Coffee, per cup, 2 "
and Butter .. 2 "
Seeds .. 7 "

g, Plain Sewing and Knitting
at Reasonable Prices

IG BLAZE!

a be produced by using

L AND WOOD

woodyard. TELLSBROS 781 at
of Wilton Avenue and Victoria
Crates \$1.00. Coal—Car.
Branch office—Lippincott and

of the Social Wing.

TTENTION!

such Coal and Wood
now open, corner of
it and Ulster Streets.
er in charge, is pro-
give prompt and
attention to all orders.
be a means of great
to the Social Work.

Ontario Province.

quarters for the Central Ontario
and Lippincott and Ulster
Post Office, to which all
be made payable, is 454 Bloor
St.

Officers Only!

the first bound volume of The
3—at \$1.25 from the Trade
Secretary.

OSWELL, Feb. 21st, 1894.
The Officer who said, "I am
a soldier with it. I think it is
no money, and I intend to make good
Believe me,
I remain, yours truly,
Capt. W. BARNARD.

NTS ARE PREPARED
corners, and stripes for the
foots;" but the Command-
day evening meeting is for

HOLINESS CONVENTION Y. W. & A. HALL, ELIZ. ST.
FRIDAY, 7:45 P.M.
COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH PRESENT.

S. A. BARRACKS, MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH
YORKVILLE
MONDAY, APRIL 9th, at 8 P.M.



VOL. X. No. 26. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland] PRICE 5 CENTS.

RAISING THE DEAD

BY THE GENERAL.

Raising the dead
is the business of
the Salvationist.
He has been raised
himself. He was
dead, but he has
been made alive,
and the life that he
now lives is a new
life; a pure, use-
ful, beautiful,
heavenly life. He
knows it, enjoys it,
praises God for it
continually, and
looks forward to
the time when he
will live it in all its
perfection amidst
rapturous sur-
roundings of the
eternal world in
fellowship with his
blood-washed com-
rades in the pres-
ence of the King
of kings.

A World of Death.

The natural world,
the world that he
can see and handle
and feel with his
bodily senses, is
dying all the time,
nearly every
creature he has to
do with fades and
crumbles to pieces
in his grasp. It
either dies in his
embraces, or he dies
while he holds it to
his heart.

The vast major-
ity of the people
around him, viewed
from the stand-
point of the throne
of God, are dead;
dead spiritually,
dead at heart. The
world is dead.

Dead in the sense
of condemnation.
As the criminal
who has been tried, found guilty and con-
demned, is dead in the eye of the law, so
the soul has been convicted of the
disobedience of the laws of Jehovah and



condemned to die. The sentence has not
been executed, but the law regards their
lives as being forfeited: "The wages of sin
is death." Dead in their helplessness.

They are not only unable to undo the past,
or to atone for it, but absolutely without
power to stop repeating their crimes in the
future. They cannot help themselves.

feet shall run after Him Whom they have
foreaken. These arms shall embrace Him
Whom they have rejected. The breath of
Eternal Life shall enter into their

Dead in their insensibility. Dead men neither see, nor
hear, nor feel the things that are existing and acting around
them. They may have some knowledge of the affairs of this
world, but they perceive not the affairs of this. And so with men and women who are afflicted with this
spiritual death; they neither see, nor hear, nor feel the
things which relate to the welfare of their higher nature.
They are blind and deaf and without power to apprehend
God, Christ, eternity, or the judgment day, the pains of
hell, or the joys of heaven. They are dead. So far as they
are concerned, their feelings or conduct would be just the
same if there was no God, no Christ, no hell. If left to
themselves by God and man, they

Float Down the River of Time,

making no resistance to the destruction that awaits its close.
Dead in the sense of corruption. Almost the first thought
that comes with death is that which concerns decay, and the
importance of making provision for its attendant evils. And
oh, the rottenness—the inward leatherness of this
spiritual death! The corrupt conscience, the corrupt will,
the corrupt judgment, the corrupt imagination, the corrupt
appetites! If the work of destruction is incomplete, and
concealed from public gaze, it is there. The heaven is
working.

That was a wonderful vision which God spread out before
the gaze of Ezekiel in that terrible valley of death. As far
as eye could reach in every direction there lay before him
the bleaching bones of men—bones that had lain there for
many a year, until they had become very dry. That was a
remarkable sight. But the Salvationist has before him a
constant vision quite as terrible. He sees the dead in every
direction, not only in the valley,
but on the mountain sides, in
the crowded cities, in the towns,
in the villages; indeed, which-
ever way he turns, he is con-
fronted with the dead. They
sit round his table, in his home.
They work beside him in the
factory, or the store, or the
field, or wherever his daily lot
is cast. They ride with him in
the trains, and meet him in the
streets and market places. They
crowd the drinking saloons,
concert halls and theatres.
They come to his barns, they
hear him talk and pray and
sing, and go unmoved away.
He lives and moves and has his
being in a world of death.

The Salvationist asks, as
Ezekiel asked, "Can these dry
bones live?" And the answer
comes back, "Behold I will
cause breath to enter into them
and they shall live."

They Can be Raised.

Christ came on purpose to
bring them life. As He rose so
shall they arise. These mouths
now so dumb, shall sing His
praise. These dull, glazed eyes,
shall see His glory. These
stone, feelingless hearts, shall
throb with His love. These
feet shall run after Him Whom they have
foreaken. These arms shall embrace Him
Whom they have rejected. The breath of
Eternal Life shall enter into their

Real Religion

and they shall live and magnify their De-

liver.
But who is to accomplish it? Answer: The Salvationist. He is the agent: God has chosen him; this is his work. He was raised from the dead, not only to experience the blessedness of salvation himself, but to be the instrument of conveying life to others. The Divine order is

Every Man a Resurrectionist.

There is going to be a mighty resurrection in the natural world. Every man, woman, and child that walks the earth shall live again. The resurrection of Christ was but the first-fruit of the mighty harvest of human bodies that is to be raised up. Here is a picture: "And I saw a mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were a sun, and his feet as the pillars of fire; and he set his right foot upon the sea and his left foot on the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever that there should be time no longer." And then was blown that mighty trumpet-blast which, sounding to the depths of both earth and ocean, shall wake up their slumbering multitudes and send them forth to meet their Lord at the great White Throne. What a day, and what a trumpet-blowing that will be!

But, my comrades, ere that archangel shall fulfil his stupendous task, let us hope, nay, let us determine that there shall be a good deal of that kind of trumpet-blowing of which Isaiah spoke when he said: "A great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that are ready to perish." The trumpet-blowing which answers to the prophesying of Ezekiel, whose voice woke up the dry bones, of which the valley was full, and clothed them with flesh and sinew, and so produced an army of living men. The trumpet-blowing which shall give the heathen world to Jesus Christ for His inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for His possession, which shall accomplish the birth of a nation in a day.

So, my comrades, let us push forward with our Divine, Christlike calling, the raising of the dead. Whether rich or poor, old or young, vulgar or polite, God will give us discernment to distinguish between the living and the dead; and when we find them in the darkness, and hopelessness, and insensibility of death, let us try to bring them into newness of life. But this

Raising of the Dead is no Easy Task.

It is not likely to be so. The figure itself indicates this. It will not be found difficult to give lessons to the dead—to sing, to pray, to perform ceremonies in the presence of the dead. It will be easy enough to build their monuments, point their sepulchres, adorn their graveyards; but to make them hear our voice and come forth from their resting-places living men and women and children is another matter; and yet that is the work we have to do. The world will tell you that it is an impossible task. But you know Him Who said that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

Raising the dead will not occupy an agreeable business to the natural man. Seeking the dead will carry you into strange places; and dealing with spiritual corruption will very often be as distasteful as working in a graveyard. But you do not live to please yourselves; and you will be more at home calling Lazarus from his sepulchre, loosing his grave-clothes, and handing him over to his sisters than you would be with the childish games and frivolities with which so many of Christ's followers trifle their precious lives and opportunities away. No, my comrades, you don't live for amusement in a world of death, but to raise the dead.

Raising the dead must always be an interesting work. Only think of the sensation made when Christ called forth from his funeral bier the widow's son, not only on the crowd that witnessed the miracle, but on the population for many a mile round

Mrs. BOOTH,

ASSISTED BY

Major Complin,

VENT

Yorkville S. A. Barracks.

7:30 p.m., SUNDAY, APRIL 8th.

* the spot! Everybody wanted to see and hear about him; nothing else was talked about for days and days. It was a more interesting topic than business, or politics, or the weather, or anything else that came up. It was the absorbing theme of the hour. So go and

Raise the Drunkards and Harlots.

and dead souls of every description, and men who have ceased to have any interest in Jesus Christ or His followers will once more wonder about a religion that can produce such miracles.

My comrades, there is nothing better calculated to convince men of the truth we teach than resurrection from the dead. What an argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ's claim was Lazarus as he walked about! When the enemies of the Saviour could not answer the man whose eyes He had opened, how could they say anything against the claims of this Great Being whom He had shown His mastery over death by calling Lazarus from the grave? Raise the dead, my comrades. Bring out the men and women from the corrupt, stinking graves of drunkenness, brothel-dom, and every form of vice and sin. Call them out; loose their grave-clothes, and send them walking up and down the world UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS FOR SALVATION.

Raising the dead is a profitable business. Some people manage to make out to their own satisfaction, that killing the living is a remunerative employment. I wonder how many people there are with a very honorable and sanctified reputation in the estimation of the church and world, whose livelihood and fortunes are derived from professions and businesses, which are well-known to be destructive of men for time and eternity! They live by the murder of the bodies, and the souls of the men, women, and children, for whom Christ died.

Now, if the killing business is profitable, the making men alive will assuredly be ten thousand more times more so, for it is not a resurrection unto eternal life? And it will be profitable unto the resurrectionist also; for who can measure the reward he receives into his own bosom at the time—

The Satisfaction, the Peace, the Exaltation?

And who can measure the crown of glory which the Lord, his Master, will give him in the day of His coming?

So go to work and keep on at it; don't get tired as so many do, going off the field to rest, never to return.

But to raise the dead you must be a living and general. The dead can deal with the dead, but they will leave them to deal as they found them. Only the living, those who are very much alive—who have, as the Saviour earned it, abundant life, can raise the dead. That is a marvellous story of the Bible which tells how, that when lowering a dead man to his grave, the corpse touched the dead bones of Elisha, and started into life. There was vitality in Elisha, living or dead.

Oh, how the Holy Ghost vitalized the early disciples of Pentecost! The very touch of their garments healed and brought back life to the dead bodies of men, and their words awoke the dead slumbering souls. Oh, my comrades,

The Spirit is Life.

Be filled with the Spirit and you shall go about raising the dead.

To raise the dead you must be of good courage. It is only another form of saying that you must be full of faith. There are few scenes in the Saviour's life which command my admiration more than when I see Him stand at the mouth of the stinking tomb of Lazarus and hear him say to the man, three days dead, and already full of rotteness and worms,

"Lazarus, Come Forth!"

There was faith. With the same faith we shall command the dead souls of men to rise and walk, but not without. Have faith in God!

To raise the dead will require desperate earnestness. No other task in the world, or, perhaps, in any other world, is so impossible without it. This task requires night work, the might of body and brain and heart; and there will fail unless backed up by the omnipotent arm of God. For, no matter what has been said here by me, or by anyone else, in any other place, of yourself you can do nothing in the way of bringing life to the dead. But with him you can do all things which

Must Include Even Raising the Dead.

A GENTLEMAN once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No," he said. "Dr. Abernethy's reply," "For no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

A SALVATION FROLIC

— AT —

Bowmanville.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Crowds—War-Whoops—Sinners at the Cross—The Editor Dancing—Captain Morris Banjoing—A Regular Jubilation—A Three Sittinga Banquet—Esquig Hay Smiles.

For the past three days the town of Bowmanville has been all astir celebrating our tenth anniversary.

Extraordinary efforts had been put forth by Esquig Hay to make this special occasion well known, even to the lantern views and advertisements shown from that



miniature Noah's Ark, or, "The house that Jack built."

Ten years ago the Army commenced operations in the town, and through God, has been instrumental in leading many a poor drunkard and sinner into the full



liberty of the Gospel. All through these meetings our hearts were much rejoiced to hear and see these trophies of divine grace.

Major Complin, the War Cry Editor, and Captain Morris came down from Toronto in order to give a helping hand. On Saturday a real good crowd assembled in the barracks for a right down old time Salvation Army free-and-easy. Banjo did good service. The Major's famous song, "Me join 'em," seems to retain its originality, especially when sung by himself, and went splendid.

There are great opportunities for work among the crowds of young folks who assemble in our barracks on a Saturday night here. An

Unusually Large Number

of soldiers and friends came up at seven on Sunday morning for the hallelujah breakfast, and a refreshing time to our souls it was. Brother George, who, after fifty years in the service of the devil, felt so overjoyed at what God had done for him and so full of the glory the team had to flow. A brother sought full salvation; there we all renewed our covenant with God.

By way of a change we took a short march before the holiness meeting, which was a reason of blessing to the children of God. "Whiter than the snow" was the key-note, which was sung in the spirit. After a few testimonies as to the efficacy of the Blood to cleanse and purify, and a song from Captain Morris, the Major spoke to us of the necessity of being dead unto sin and alive unto God in order to be the ones whom God could use. We truly felt the presence of the Master as we waited upon Him. Praise His name.

The afternoon was set apart for a few particulars as to the progress of our Social operations in this and other countries, which was very interestingly dealt with.

While the great success attained, even through the many difficulties, we could not but feel the work had the sympathy of the crowd, also the smile of Almighty God. The Major has had a

Vast Opportunity

of noting the progress of our Social work in different countries, and told a howlingly successful story of how a dirty old lady in



London was induced to have a bath after years of blissful ignorance of its advantage.

At night we went in for a real Salvation time. We asked God's blessing on the proceedings, then some representatives of the corps and band, who for years had been toiling on, spoke. One brother, on behalf



of the band, praised God for His goodness. His earnest desire was that the band should prove a great source of blessing, as he believed it had been in the past. Many praised God for sending the Army to Bowmanville, through whose efforts they had been led to Christ, and were now living for the salvation of others. The speakers were mostly old stand-bys, as we may be privileged to call them, who had been working away for eight and ten years. Thank God for His power to keep.

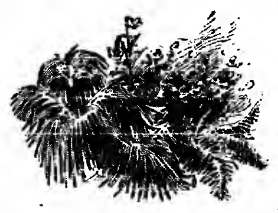
Captain Morris earnestly entreated the unwearied to turn their face toward Christ, their Redeemer. A song about mother's Bible, then with burning words of invitation, the Major impressed upon the large congregation the importance of immediate decision for God.

The soldiers and bandmen took hold well in the prayer meeting, and many were convicted by the Holy Spirit.

One Backslider

sought and professed to find the Saviour. Drink and tobacco were his very great temptations. May God keep him true. The meeting closed with a hallelujah wind-up march round the building.

MONDAY.—My, oh, my! the soldiers and friends of Bowmanville have learned to get up a banquet! Beautiful flowers decorated



the tables, and there was abundance for the crowds who filled and refilled the tables. Officers and soldiers from the various corps of the District were present, including Captains Smith, Woodman, Banks, Harrison, Wilson, and Lieutenants Tucker and Beckstead. It was indeed a happy, sociable time.

An open-air was held on the corner, although it was getting somewhat late. The crowd gathered round, and the band—

which is a credit to the corps and town, shared us with their music. Some soul Gospel invitations were given, then v marched to the hall.

The meeting took the form of—well, was a sort of combination of music, trave and salvation. While the Major acquiesced



ME JOIN 'EM.

us with the work in various parts of the world, and the vast opportunities presented to the Salvation Army, we were led to again praise God for this glorious movement. There were solos, of course, accompanied by the banjos, and no doubt, "It's



"Thank Army you know."

Army, you know," will be remembered as a special feature.

It was quite late, but we wound up well, giving sinners every possible chance of seeking salvation.

In the red-hot prayer meeting, we were simply repaid for the efforts put forth, with the joy of seeing

One—Two—Three—Four.

breeding at the penitential-form for mercy. Glory be to God.

The special work detailed to us, must be attended to, so at five o'clock next morning, the Major and Captain made their way to the depot at full pace in the District war chariot; and, oh, that mud! It



"MUD !!!

sticketh closer than a brother. The citizens of Toronto knew right well we had just returned from the country. When we left Bowmanville, a large fire was raging, and was not subdued until much damage had been done.

We enjoyed the hospitality of our friends, Brother and Sister Fries, and everybody was exceedingly kind. We left, praying God would give Esquig and Mr. Hay, and Lieutenant Mountney, many glorious victories.

We must not forget that dear, young man whom we tried to cheer and help on his sick-bed, and earnestly pray for his situation. A great many are holding him up before a Throne of Grace, and our readers who are saved, we are sure will do likewise.

THURSDAY.

It is hard to find a good excuse for the use of tobacco.

R. R. R. R. R.

which is a credit to the corps and town—
 charmed us with their music. Some sound
 Gospel invitations were given, then we
 marched to the hall.

The meeting took the form of—well, it
 was a sort of combination of music, travel,
 and salvation. While the Major acquainted



ME JOHN E. M.

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 world, and the vast opportunities presented
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 Mrs. Hay, and Lieutenant Mountain, a
 many glorious victories.

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 man whom we tried to cheer and help on
 his sick-bed, and earnestly pray for his
 salvation. A great many are holding him
 up before a Throne of Grace, and our
 readers who are saved, we are sure will do
 likewise.

THANKS.

It is hard to find a good excuse for the use
 of tobacco.

 R. R. R.

Stray Thoughts and Sayings.

BY J. H. MURPHY.

What a cunning old devil we have to
 deal with, anyway. And on the other
 hand, what powerful weapons God has pro-
 vided us with, if we only take the trouble
 to learn the use of them. I am satisfied,
 that in the Word of God can be found a
 promise to meet every need, a power to
 resist every temptation, a balm to heal
 every wound, and to soothe every sorrow;
 in fact, therein may we have all our needs
 supplied.

It is true, too, that the devil is fully
 alive to the great power of the Word of
 God, and he, therefore, makes all the cap-
 ital possible out of the promises, taking
 care to prevent their true meaning, or to
 misapply them. It matters not to him by
 what means a soul is overthrown, and he
 knows full well that every promise of God
 is subject to certain conditions, a condi-
 tion with which, is essential to God's ful-
 filment of the same. If, then, the devil
 can get a soul to disregard these conditions,
 and at the same time put his dependence
 upon the promise, he is well aware that
 such a soul's hopes are false, and his de-
 struction certain.

In illustration of this idea, we can take
 temptation of Christ in the wilderness, and
 we have there an example of misap-
 plied promises.

In the first place, the tempter came to
 Christ, and appealed to Him through Him

truth of the same. Christ therefore re-
 plied: "It is written again, Thou shalt
 not tempt the Lord Thy God."

And what a powerful lesson is taught in
 this answer: "THOU SHALT NOT TEMPT THE
 LORD THY GOD." I fear that herein lies
 the secret of the downfall and shipwreck
 of many a good soldier of Christ. The
 devil has taken them up into a high pin-
 nacle of self-esteem or popular favor. They
 know what slaves to sin they used to be,
 they realize the wonderful change that has
 taken place; they see how easily old habits
 are conquered, and former basenesses
 overcome, and this all tends to make them
 over-confident. Then the devil persuades
 them to tempt God by tampering just a
 little with some of the old idols—as, for
 instance, one glass of beer, a pipe or to-
 bacco, or a chew, the company of old
 chums, or some such thing—and they cast
 themselves down. Of course, God's prom-
 ise does not apply in such a case, and ruin
 and misery is the inevitable result. Com-
 mander, do not tempt the Lord by going
 where you should not go, or doing what
 you should not do, else great will be the
 fall, and the angels to beat you up will be
 found missing.

A lost traveller was perishing in the desert.
 He discovered a small bag lying on the sand.
 Slipping down from his camel, he seized it
 eagerly and tore it open, hoping to find dates
 or water. "God pity me!" he cried, "it is
 only pebbles." The world is starving. It can-
 not be fed with rainbows or bird music, flowers
 or peacocks. It must have bread from heaven
 and the water from the Rock.

Mrs. Booth MAJOR COMPLIN YORKVILLE S. A. Barracks SUNDAY, APRIL 8th 7:30 p. m.

Grace-Before-Meat and Auxiliary Settings.



"The time for the singing of birds
 draweth nigh." Hallelujah for the spring-
 time! The ground, covered so long by the
 frost, has lost its overcoat, and now the
 genial sun will do its work.

The money lying dormant so long in the
 Grace-before-Meat boxes is at last to come
 out, to be used in practical service in the
 interests of the Social Wing.

Agents will call upon all box-holders
 who received their box previous to the 1st
 of March, 1894, during the first part of the
 month of April.

A good report. Some of our readers will

Real Religion

remember, reference being made to the
 fact, that

A Board of Guardians

In England gave permission for a number
 of the inmates of their poor-house to be
 transferred to the Army's Farm Colony at
 Hadleigh. The Committee of Inspection
 appointed by the guardians have reported
 that these men are making most satisfac-
 tory progress. They were pleased with the
 arrangements made for the men's work and
 maintenance in every respect. The experi-
 ment has, therefore, answered the anti-
 cipations that were formed, and other Boards
 of Guardians are already taking active steps
 for men to be transferred from their poor-
 houses to the Farm Colony. So the old
 chariot rolls along.

The position of the Army at the time our
 last annual, a "Year of Grace," was issued,
 shows that we have

Throughout the World

10,791 officers. In connection with the
 Social Work, 48 Rescue Homes, 64 Slum
 posts, 12 Prison Gate Brigades, 21 Food
 Depots, 33 Shelters, 17 Factories, 17 Labor
 Bureaus, and 6 Farms, with 1,490 persons
 engaged in the management of these Social
 agencies.

Very good, but how about Canada? How
 does this sound: Seven Rescue Homes,
 namely, at Toronto, London, Victoria,
 Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, and Hal-
 ifax; a Children's Shelter and a Women's
 Shelter in Toronto, separate institutions;
 three Food and Shelter Depots, at Toronto,
 Montreal, and Halifax; Prison Gate Home,
 Coal and Wood Yard (with branch office)
 in Toronto, and an Employment Bureau in
 Toronto, with several

New Ventures

about to be launched in various parts of
 the Dominion. Look at the following
 recorded figures, about hallelujah, and
 send a donation to the Commandant, or
 write for a Grace-before-Meat box:—

Number of meals supplied at the Toronto
 Shelter, for week ending March 16th, 756;
 beds, 323; total meals up to date from
 opening, 39,610; beds, 20,798.

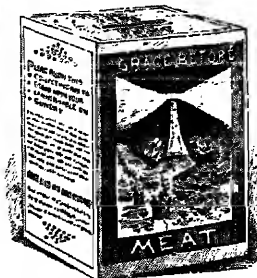
Montreal Shelter, week ending March
 9th: Meals, 1,808; beds, 477; up to date
 from opening, meals, 49,227; beds, 13,374.

Auxiliaries and others are reminded that
 they can do great service to the Army's
 work by taking a Grace-before-Meat Mis-
 sionary box. Misery and want exists in
 our midst. The numerous Social ventures
 in Canada should stand as monumental
 reminders that many of our fellow creatures
 are down in the social scale, struggling
 from day to day for a bit of bread, or some
 kind of roof to cover them, or wrestling
 with

A Network of Vice.

trying to escape being ensnared further and
 carried on to final destruction.

To such the Salvation Army extends a
 helping hand. Heartily we invite you,
 reader, to co-operate with us in stemming
 the rising torrent of misery and sin, and
 helping us to pull many out of the fire of
 addiction and the manseum of vice by
 taking a Grace-before-Meat box, into which
 yourself and friends, from time to time,
 can drop a coin, or bill. Then when your
 box is opened at the authorized time, which
 takes place every three months, in January,
 April, July, and October, it, together with
 the many others we have scattered round
 the Dominion, will bring about a substantial



increase in the funds of the Social Scheme,
 thus helping the Commandant and Mrs.
 Booth

To Successfully Finance

the various Homes. If you have not got a
 box, kindly see the officer in charge of the
 work of the Salvation Army in your vicinity,
 or send a post card, containing request for

THE ALL-NIGHT

Toronto Temple.

"The fulness of His mercies cannot be numbered."
The fulness of His mercies cannot be numbered.
The fulness of His mercies cannot be numbered.

It was to further in each person such an experience as that depicted in the foregoing lines that at 10:30 p.m. on the night of Good Friday we met together for what afterwards proved to be one of the best sustained and most edifying all nights of prayer it has been our privilege to attend.

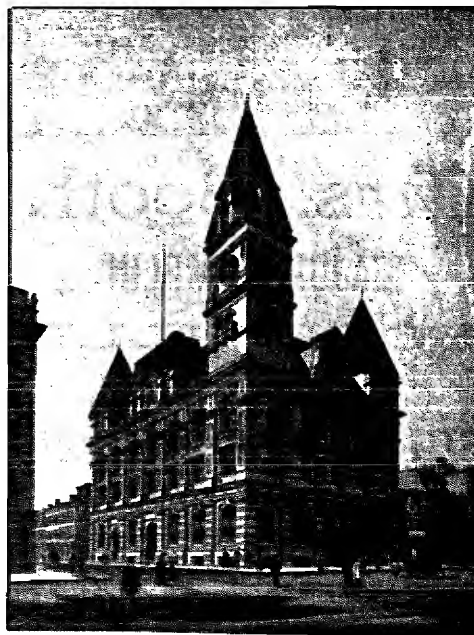
Throughout the Day

Brigadier and Mrs. de Barrist, with a big company of staff and field officers, backed up by various regiments of the King's own, had moved together and sustained the attack.

The troops were consequently already flushed with victory when Commandant, with Mrs. Booth and Headquarters' Staff, arrived.

Brigadier de Barrist

is distinctly "on the job." He and his helpers had the large space reserved for the battle contained. Instructions were also issued that the meeting was to be unbroken by any person leaving before the close. The management was all that could be desired, and it was a magnificent number who stayed through the all-night.



PCST OFFICE, HAMILTON.

The Commandant

led us off with singing on our knees—

"He will that I should love him,
That he loves I long to feel," etc.

The verses were lined out and repeated by the crowd, then followed strains of holy song, organs and chorale singing.

Staff-Captain Friedrich thanked God for the cleansing blood—proved so in his own experience—and that. "Then art the same to-night. May every soul struggling here for life and liberty find it to-night."

"Fear Thy Spirit."

"There is no hurry," said the Commandant. "One of the best features of an all-night is the opportunity to take time to contemplate the uttermost salvation of Jesus. Think of that blood poured out so freely—say 'freely'—it 'freely' cried many a hearty voice for assist, sinners and backsliders. Hallelujah! Let us then be serious and solemn: Let us bring our little minds down to the consideration of the greatest subject of thought in the world—the dying of Jesus."

"Fear Thy Spirit."

again resumed. "Backsliders, sing it," said the Commandant; "your feet are slipping; you are almost gone; but God is here to arrest and save you."

ERNEST COWAN prayed in low, earnest tones. The English had been believing a long time for something unusual from God. "Let it occur to-night." (Amen.)

BRIGADIER HOLLAND prayed with a well-known feeling that God's Word might that night run and be glorified.

It was easy to tell by the spiritual atmosphere that we were to be privileged with an unusually good time. Backsliders received many pungent thrusts.

"You are in the Dark."

said Commandant, "because you have left God. No matter what were the circumstances—(I don't want to know)—the darkness is the result of the absence of the Lord. Mary said, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died,' and you say, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been there, I had not slipped.' To-night He is coming here to you again. Sing it—

"Jesus now is passing by—

I'll go out to meet Him."

The Commandant gave out the line—

"Thy saviour, gracious Lord, impart."

then broke into supplication. "Come quickly: we want Thee; show us what doth hinder." "Let us," continued our leader, "spend this all-night as if it were our last on earth. God forbid we should go through as if it were a Farce."

If that Book (pointing to a Bible) is not merely such a book as Shakespeare or Macaulay's essays, if it is God's Word, He is here. Believe it for yourself.

Brigadier de Barrist prayed with great power. "We have nothing to gain," he said, "in covering our sin or hiding the lingering will that would take us with faltering steps along life's way; oh, may wounded hearts be healed to-night." (Amen.)

Mrs. Streeton also prayed, while the closed eyes and upturned

and little, so called, is the same at rest, and that blatant sin that wrecks its way in the lockup, or sells its virtue for a bit of bread, is not the most dangerous; such sin shows sin's true nature, and is as dangerous. The most dangerous is the hidden away, respectable, nice looking sin, concealed policy under a Salvation Army

Gossamer;

that is worse than the sin that lies in the breast of that poor drunkard who came just now to the door of this meeting, with his arm in Brigadier Holland's. It is a ghastly thing. It became it is hidden. It is a ghastly thing. Lord help us to see sin as Thou dost. Amen. Death is hideous. Hideous under all circumstances. It is corruption and stink, it only to carry to the grave, whether contained in an old

Chase

box, and hurried to a pauper's grave, or surrounded with fragrant flowers and magnificence. In the Bible, sin is death. Sin is what death is. It is the corruption, stink, decay, and being found out at last. A terrible thing before God. Therefore, if there is any sin in your heart, it is as virulent and as fatal as any death. Do not shut it, but have it removed.

Are You Unhappy?

If so, you are unacquainted. A man who is without desire to pray, is not unacquainted. Any man walking close to God has a desire to pray.

Are You Unwatchful?

The unwatchful man is not fully acquainted.

If Unforgiving,

you may be sure you are without perfect love. If you bear a Grudge

against anyone, you are not right. You are never got into heaven with a grudge, you know. "Ah," perhaps you say, "I treated me wrongfully, unjustly!" Well, supposing he did, you are still to forgive him, even as Christ also forgave you.

If you are Self-Opinionated.

If you say "this brain of mine is the repository of all wit and wisdom," and carry yourself with airs of self-consequence, instead of being kind and courteous; that is not Christian. Jesus Christ has given us the greatest evidence of His Divinity when standing before that howling mob and those accusing Pharisees, able to crush them all. He yet was the very embodiment of meekness.

If you are Dressed, Proud,

endeavouring to be prettier than God with you, a lover of himself, you exhibit the lack of full salvation.

If you harbour Unclean

thoughts and desires you are not right. How can the blessing of purity be enjoyed by them who use anything God has given them for His service so as to defile that service?

If you are Unconcerned,

you once had a heart of concern for sinners, now the tide has retired and left you high and dry on the beach, in such a condition you may be sure the Lord Jesus has left you in the blessed state of full salvation.

These searching remarks of the Commandant were followed by the singing of the song commencing

"Now search me and try me, oh God!"

Major and Mrs. Reed were then introduced in warmly affectionate terms to the audience, and gave beautiful testimonies.

Mrs. Booth followed in her usual bright, enthusiastic and graceful way, the perfect being as usual thoroughly in command. We were not favored with a song. That was a disappointment, for how many blessings have been waited for our souls on the rich sweetness of that voice—rich in soul as well as in harmony. But Mrs. Booth spoke as she felt, ways down, straight to our very hearts; she spoke with her face, with her very presence, as well as with her voice. Christ and His revealed love, His love to the sinner, was her theme.

"Oh, could He not, if He had so chosen, have accomplished all He did—lived, died, and been buried, and raised the dead, and yet died a natural death? Could He not have redeemed us without going to such extremes of physical agony? Why then the gory cross? It is not only that we might be saved by His death, but we are saved by His suffering. He suffered as much as He could in order that thereby His love might be proved. Will you then seek to prove your love to Him and to thus seek to save?"

It was a question that stirred the deep feelings of our hearts, and God helped us to respond to it.

A magnificent prayer-meeting was well fought out. The night was most exciting. Angels no doubt rejoiced, certainly devils were utterly discomfited. The souls were saved, and for a good while more, and staidly, there were some who were saved. I could not tell how many, but a large number, the congregation being very thick. To God be the glory.

box, with full address, to Commandant H. H. Booth, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

Our Auxiliary roll, the membership fee of which is five dollars a year, is not increasing so rapidly as it might, and there are still a number who have not renewed their subscription fee since due. A member of the League receives four advantages upon joining—1st. He, while not acting as a soldier, becomes directly connected with us. 2nd. Receives full information regarding our work, and thus is in a position to help us indirectly by spreading information concerning our movement.

Amongst His Friends.

3rd. Receives a copy, weekly, of any one of our War Cry, or All the World, Musical Salvationist, Deliverer, or Conqueror. 4th. He becomes a direct subscriber to our funds; the money, over and above the cost of sending and paying for the periodicals, being devoted to the support of the branches of our spiritual work.

True, one Auxiliary fee is not much of a help, but then one hundred are. If you cannot send the Commandant a few hundred, you perhaps can send five dollars per annum, and help to swell the number belonging to our Auxiliary League.

ADJUTANT MILLER.

Napawee.

Brigadier Scott, Staff Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant Morris boarded a train which eventually landed them at their destination—Napawee.

This was the town where a two days' fight with the powers of darkness was to be waged. The march, which preceded the meeting, was a novel one, under the oversight of Brigadier Scott and Staff Captain Sharp. The Brigadier took one detachment, who marched to the music of his concertina and the song of the blood-washed, while Staff Captain Sharp did likewise, with the assistance of the cornet of Lieutenant Morris. The different brigades were put through their drill, singing like troops at the same time. We first made the figure 8, then formed in one straight body right across the street; marched round and round a certain spot, then the two contingents crossed each other, making the letter "T," which all had its effect in attracting the attention of the on-lookers, who were gathered in great numbers. The march was a most interesting one, being interesting as well as impressive.

Knee-drill was a refreshing time to the good souls who presented themselves at the Lord's banqueting table for the spiritual food which was to give them strength to fight the battles before them.

The hollow meeting was equally good, and at the close we had the joy of witnessing a few souls making a more complete surrender to the claims of God.

The march, headed by cornet and concertina, made its way to a good stand in the afternoon, when, with song and oratory, a further attack was made on the devil and sin.

The inside meeting which followed was productive of much good. The officers and soldiers pitched in, burning truths falling from their lips, and also a good few solos and choruses were sung.

The subject for the night meeting was announced—"The Crucifixion in the Palace, the Death Letter, or the Murder of the King."

After a good open-air outside, we went into the meeting hall of faith. A good old-time song was sung to start off with, and a few more very similar followed while we were on our knees. We felt God was there.

"We'll go!"

was one, which was taken up heartily. Staff Captain Sharp tackled the subject announced, and as he spoke it seemed as though the sinner was held spellbound, and our faith ran high for a mighty break. Lieutenant Morris was then called upon, followed by Captain Cameron, who both made an earnest appeal to the godless, when the Brigadier rose to pull in the net. Attention was fixed, and for some time burning truths fell from his lips. The prayer meeting was gone into; soldiers prayed and pleaded with God to save, and were rewarded by seeing one make a break.

This, the last of the series, was brought to a close with the feeling prevailing that the meetings had had success and something lasting had been done for the cause of God and right.—BLVD.

Montreal II.

Praise God for victory. Souls are getting converted; our crowds are increasing; God's work is prospering, and we are believing for a real old-time revival. Hallelujah! We are going in to pull down the devil's kingdom. We are sure to conquer if we fight for God.—W. HOPKINS & Co.

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Hamilton Salvation

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Brigadier Holland

Staff-Captain Jewell

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The Brigadier decl

I don't believe it,

PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY, For the Wellness Meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, Friday Evening.

La Marechale.

BY FRANCIS E. WILLARD.



Whoever brings charm of person, voice, or manner to the service of God and humanity has brought a double blessing. "Through the eye to the heart" is an airline road; if "the man wonderful" dwells in a "house beautiful" so much the better, provided always that his gifts are laid on the whole altar where glows the fire of heavenly love.

I thought of all these things as yesterday, among the fair hills of Switzerland, I looked upon and listened to "La Marechale." She is the eldest daughter of the great and holy woman Catherine Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," and inherits, it is said, beyond any other of the endowed and consecrated eight children of the General and Mrs. Booth, their special gifts, graces, and graces. She is but thirty-five years old, but already the mother of five lovely children, she seems but twenty-five or thereabouts. Edward Clifford, the well-known London artist and Christian worker, painted her portrait for the Royal Academy Exhibition and gave it to her mother. "La Marechale" was certainly a charming subject. Her parents had marked physical advantages which she inherits in concentrated form. She is tall, like her father, and of erect and graceful bearing. She has a countenance full of strength, sweetness, and light; fair brown hair, soft and abundant, with a chestnut tinge, plaited behind and without crimps or puff, lying in waves around her delicate face, with its sweet tender mouth, frank grey-blue eyes, pencilled eye-brows, a regal Roman nose, brilliant complexion, thoughtful forehead, and smile as sweet as summer. Double her, cuddled up against her mother, was Evangeline, her eldest little girl, five years of age, and around and in the little cottage sleeping-room adjoining were her three boys and another girl, the baby being one month old. Her husband, Arthur Booth-Clibborn, was absent, but we attended an orchard-meeting conducted by him last Sunday, and he is for a man as handsome and every way attractive as she is for a woman. To say the truth, we never met a young pair more ideally fitted, or more righteously fond of one another. La Marechale cannot say enough of his goodness and gifts. As she turned us books and brochures of his, she said repeatedly with kindling glance "Have you read this? It is so good. You've no idea what a success my husband's books have made." We did not doubt it, but we knew what a sensible she was. Going to Paris at twenty-two, with hardly any knowledge of French, she made herself mistress of the language, and her addresses in it were attended by the most cultivated Parisians, while her books, like those of her husband, have had a remarkably large sale in France and Switzerland, as well as in Russia, Armenia, and other distant lands. These two young people are at the head of the Army in France and Switzerland, and as all Christianity knows, have served and suffered as few others in our day have had the opportunity to do for Christ and His cause. La Marechale's career already fulfills her father's prophecy that women will, if left free in their action, develop administrative powers fully equal and oftentimes superior to those of men.

In our conversation of an hour she referred constantly to the sayings and doings of her mother somewhat after this order:—"She was honest-hearted before God and man, she never blinked the truth for anybody; there is but little plain dealing even among Christian people, and as a matter of course it is altogether unknown in fashionable life. But mother would only that she might look, and always began by telling a puny every good thing she could think of that he had done, thus preparing him for the statement of his vanity, lightness, neglect, or habits hindering to the cause and to his character. In her presence one felt that mere appearances of goodness all went for nothing; one knew that she was saying if it were true, 'You have not a single eye to God's glory, you are not spiritual, your presence lowers the temperature.' But she made each soul feel that she was a loving sister to him or her, and she proved this in the only way that people will receive it now-a-days, when profession so often mocks performance, by her deeds of helpfulness. Oh! if we who claim to be disciples were but honest with

each other; if we said to the person himself what we retail to others about him, how it would change the outlook of the world for those from whom the world has reason to expect golden-rule conduct." Referring to the Army officers, La Marechale said, "Our officers are heroic; when I came up here and could not get out for a while into active service, I wrote several hundred letters to them from my bed, and if I could show you the replies that have come you would think as one has said, that they read like a new 'Acts of the Apostles.' I write letters for hours together, sometimes lying down, and have had remarkable answers to prayer for money, for I began my work in France on the principle of 'no debt,' and therefore a very extensive correspondence is necessary in order to obtain the requisite financial aid."

For nine years not a penny was received for the work in France or Switzerland, except as La Marechale and those associated with her begged for it. Though collecting some 25,000 dollars a year for the work, Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Clibborn commenced their married life in a flat of three rooms with an annual rent of 150 dollars. Their present home in Paris is a small flat on a fifth story.

Six hundred evangelistic workers, including the "local" leaders, are under their care; raised up from the ranks, they were mostly infidels, wickerings, or Catholics. "The officers here are raised from

multitudes of young women have been inspired to follow in her steps, including her own precious sisters!

I asked this beautiful woman what led her to an undertaking so stupendous as the effort to evangelize the masses in France; that country that denies a living Christianity and has produced the two anomalies of a comic Bible and child suicide. She said that as a child at school studying its history, she learnt to pity France from the bottom of her heart, and subsequently her father designated her for this mission. It had been said by a leading Indian officer, "Give me two Bomboys before one Paris," regarding that city as far worse than India because so steeped in infidelity. She always had a special liking for the French language. "I love France," said she to me, with sparkling eyes; "France makes no official profession of religion, while England, which engraves texts of Scripture on her public buildings and opens her Houses of Parliament every day with prayer, yet fastens the opium curse, the drink traffic, and legalized vice upon her colonies. Early rising and industry are national characteristics of the French. They are a kind warm-hearted people—gushing if you please. France is a great and wonderful country, and I love the people every bit as well as I ever loved my own. I have become familiar with the peasants in the provinces; have sat down with the French women who chatter about in cabots; have

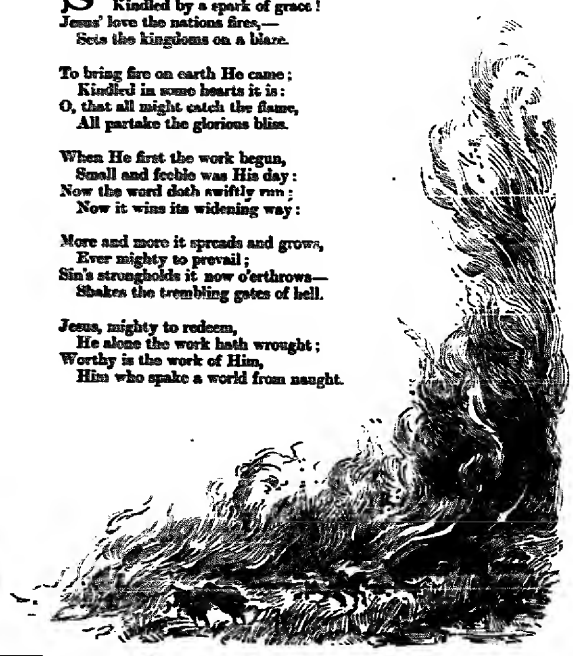
SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

When He first the work began,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now overthrow—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.



among the people, they have left their places as artisans, and cast in their lot and take their chance with the rest of us," said La Marechale. "They know they will get their destiny and 'bread and cheese' but nothing superfluous. We tell them that so far as the best and happiest life is concerned, there is one thing needful. 'Seek first the Kingdom,' and then the necessary shall be provided."

Miss Booth commenced public work when only fourteen years of age, driven to it by an irresistible urging of divine love after she had received a remarkable baptism of the Spirit. It was at that time a thing almost unknown for a young woman (and how much more a child) to stand up to speak in public in England. The prejudice against any woman speaking before a mixed audience was very great, as her devoted mother had proved. Added to this, Miss Booth was of a very timid and retiring nature, and a curvature of the spine which often obliged her to lie on her back the greater part of the day opposed a physical obstacle to great efforts in public. But the trait which has most marked her career—heroic courage and self-forgetfulness—enabled her to triumph all these difficulties under her feet. True to the training and example of her parents, the moment she found herself in front of an audience of deathless souls, she conquered. And what

shared their chestnuts with them, heard of their sorrows as well as their joys, and, believe me, the human heart is just the same in France as it is everywhere, and if you should classify the minds whose histories have come down to us, France would occupy the front rank. A nation that has produced a Lacordaire, a Pascal, a Fenelon, and a Madame Guyon, does not lack the germs of spiritual life."

When La Marechale opened the batteries of the Salvation Army on the Parisians, it seemed a forlorn hope. In her little hall at the bottom of an inn in one of the roughest quarters of the city, the worst elements congregated, and it was amidst a bedlam of hostile voices, representing all the most aggressive forms of immorality and infidelity, that this frail woman fought nightly for God, and for six months she kept up this fatiguing struggle every night with the exception of a few Saturdays. No wonder she was wasted to a shadow. But it was not long before the "something" supernatural which inspired her was recognized, and the people began to call her "Salle de Catharine."

Several years later how changed were the circumstances! La Marechale was able to secure, in the fashionable "Salle de Conference" of the Grands Boulevards, the attention of the elite of Paris. She announced a series of afternoon lectures on

the general theme, "What Religion will win France?" This seemed to strike a popular key-note, and rows upon rows of seats in the hall where she held her meetings were occupied by leading men and deputies from the Corps Legislatif, who sometimes remained from four till seven o'clock. She asked and answered the questions, "Will a sad religion win France?" "Will a merry religion?" "Will a materialistic religion?" "Will a sentimental religion?"

The scene again changes, and this time we find her in the South of France. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole city is moved. The Casino hall is crowded in the evening, and—eight or ten—four or five hundred people hurry to the seven o'clock morning prayer meeting. But a circle of what are called "Orthodox Christians" because very indignant Miss Booth was urged to meet them. But little did she dream what a storm was awaiting her. The unallowableness of women's ministry, the impossibility of true holiness, were urged with a hot and irritated spirit, which appalled her and Major Benson, her helper. As such cutting thing was said, ladies, with faces red with excitement, clapped their hands.

"Go home to your mother!" cried one lady.

"It is indecent for women to preach before men," said the principal lady opponent, forgetting she was speaking before men herself, many pastors being present.

"But," answered Miss Booth, "there is no sex in soul, the true girl prophesies when preaching forgets the shell, the envelope, the body; however low the creature may have fallen, she sees but the immortal soul which needs, as had her own soul, pardon and purity."

Then the blast of the onslaught turned upon herself.

"Let him or her who is without sin stand up and say so," said one.

Miss Booth replied calmly, "You met the young child but to kill it—nevertheless, I will ask my comrades here to give me testimony."

Major Benson (now in heaven) then rose, and with childlike simplicity testified to heart-purity. Miss Booth followed. The storm only grew worse, and, having in vain tried to speak, she commenced to pray. The Spirit of the Lord moved mightily; many were in tears at the close. One lady went home and gave her heart to God that night.

The next morning a deputation waited on Miss Booth to apologize, saying they were deeply grieved at the spirit manifested by the townspeople, and next morning among those sobbing at the "penitence form" (or anxious seat, as we say in America) was one of the pastor's wife who had attacked her the most hotly. The lady went home, asked pardon of the two Salvationist servants whom she had treated with anything but charity, and confided to them her wrong. One of them came in her turn a "prophetic," and won many souls to God.

When La Marechale and her associates arrived in that town they had fourteen, which they had gained by selling her mother's leaflets. They lived chiefly on potatoes; but after her visit the tide changed.

The Salvationists have now three halls in that city and three at Lyons. At another place a Russian princess was converted, and when we were in Switzerland we learned that this lady, while standing at the door at a meeting in Vevey selling Salvation Literature, had her bonnet torn from her head and was roughly seized by a Swiss peasant, to which indignity she paid no attention whatever, but put on her bonnet and pursued her avocation. The lower class of Swiss people seem to be remarkably rude, crude, and almost evil. In the orchard meeting to which I have referred, held by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn (the husband of La Marechale), and attended by Lady Henry Somerset and myself, the conduct of the boorish young men present exceeded anything that we had ever witnessed. They took the most containing hymns, rolled it up, spelt it, and smoked in the face of the preacher. They talked out loud to him and to each other, and during his most tender appeals turned their backs squarely upon him with jeers and laughter. When the Salvation Army women came to take the collection, they dropped in greedy cries or snatches of cigars. It did my heart good to hear that the editor of a leading paper in the locality was present, and that he got the names of every one of those young ruffians and published them, with a soundly impressive drubbing in the next issue of his paper.

It is thrilling to hear an account of the experiences of La Marechale when she set out to Switzerland some ten years ago. To grow a sensation was created in France

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The Prayers of the Saints

have been Richly Answered

Mass Meeting. Hallelujah!



"Yes," was her answer, "God has pardoned my sins, and I mean to be a good

The Prayers of the Saints have been Richly Answered at the Friday Night Holiness Meeting. Hallelujah!

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH AT ELM STREET

women now, father, and bring my children up right after this."

"Well," said the father, "I am glad to hear it, my child, and will give everyone of the children a suit of clothes to show you I am glad, and will help you all I can, only be good," and the woman went and collected a pound as a thank-offering to God.

We have just had the most wonderful Two Days with God at Manchester ever known; nearly 2,000 people at the morning meetings, on ordinary working days; in the afternoon and night the Free Trade Hall was filled, upstairs and down. The General was in most

Splendid Trim,

and made it felt. 336 came to the penitential form at the six meetings. One man came thirty miles to be saved; many backsliders returned to God; Christians from all sections of the church were at the penitential form. Many ministers and D. D's. and others met taking in the burning truths as they fell from the General's lips. Many sinners were saved, and the results will go east, west, north, and south. A man sat with tears in his eyes, "I went to him and said, 'Can I help you?'"

He replied, "No, I'm afraid not; I was saved once, but fear of my friends has robbed me of my salvation." He said, "I saw you in Canada; was at the meeting in the Temple, Toronto, when you were promoted Major, but I am an unhappy man."

I cannot tell you how much my interest seemed to rise in his behalf when I found out he had been in Canada. I saw very closely your pages week by week, and look to see how you are all moving on, and where you all are. I seem to see victory stamped on your reports more and more of late.

Praying that our one great God may supply you with all needed grace and patience, I must close.

With Salvation love to you all, East, West, and Central, I am your brother in Him as ever,

Wm. Bates.

P.S.—Mrs. Baugh and family send greetings to you all.

Of Vital Importance

THRILLING INTEREST!

The following points are to be dealt with in Territorial Topics by the

COMMANDANT:

DESCRIPTION OF COMMANDANT'S VISIT TO N.W.

Mountain Recovery—Summer Campaign—Royal Navy.

JUNE CONGRESS.

Here about S. P. Party—New Social Enterprise—Timber Unit Scheme and Farm.

CORPS' BUDGET SCHEME, and other interesting items.

Brantford's Budget.

Since you heard from us last we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls surrendering to God, also three out for the blessing of holiness. The crowds, especially in the week-night meetings, are the best we have had here for the last three years. This week-end the meetings have been just grand. We were much blessed by the presence of our Blind Brother Glen, better known in Army circles as the "Garnia Wonder." In the holiness meeting one soul got saved, and three at night; many more under deep conviction.

In the midst of it all we were sorry to hear that after such a short stay with us, our Captain, whom we have already learned to love, had received farwell orders, but were glad to hear she had been promoted Ensign, and goes to take charge of Cobourg district.

CHARLES STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

Channel Conquests.

We are having victory. God is with us in might and power. During the past week four have claimed the blessing of full salvation, and one wanderer has returned to his Father. The soldiers and converts are getting to understand the deep things of God.

We had a visit from the Rev. E. Furney, which proved a blessing.

We are going to have another encampment. In the midst of all I get farwell orders to go. I don't know where—but I'm the Lord's to follow.—Captain J. H. EMMETT.

Salvation Songs.

Fears Are O'er.

BY CANDIDATE A. CHAFFELL, KINGSTON.

TUNE—Babel's Land.

1 When first to Jesus' Cross we came,
Our hearts overwhelmed with sin and shame;
Conscious of guilt, and full of fear,
Yet, drawn by love, we ventured near.

CHORUS.

But now our doubts, our fears are gone,
For Jesus rules our hearts alone;
He has our every sin forgiven,
And now we're on our way to heaven;
To join in songs of sweetest love,
With all the ransomed saints above.

We pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich, atoning blood;
Our sins are gone, our fears are o'er,
We shun God's presence now no more.

O, sinner, come to Christ to-day,
And have your sins all washed away;
Come and be saved, and go with us,
To heaven, where all is endless bliss.

Salvation.

BY ADJUTANT STEVENSON (ENGLAND).

TUNE—Oh, where do you journey, my brother?

2 Salvation the Lord has provided,
For sinners of all climes and race;
Complete in its purpose entirely,
And all may be saved now through grace.

CHORUS.

My Saviour will save you just now;
My Saviour will save you just now;
He saves from all sin to the utmost,
My Saviour will save you just now.

Now, sinner, your heart bring to Jesus,
For long in rebellion you've been;
And He by His blood now so precious,
Will save you, and keep your heart clean.

Backslider, for you there is mercy,
Although you have grieved Him so long;
Accept now His kind invitation,
And sadness shall give place to song.

Come, all who in sin long have wandered,
To Jesus, your Saviour and Friend;
And through all your days you have sinned,
To this there shall now be an end.

Joy for Thee.

BY SERGEANT MAY LANG.

TUNE—Love in the garden.

3 I've heard the story of the Cross,
Where Jesus died for me;
He counted costly honors dear,
And died upon the tree.

CHORUS.

Bleeding and dying,
On the cruel tree;
"It is finished," cried the Saviour,
"Pardon, peace, and joy for thee."

Why did He hang between the thieves?
Why did He come to die?
The vilest sinner who believes
May dwell with Him on high.

Sinner, now haste to Jesus' feet,
In love He calls to-day;
He will thy prayer for mercy greet,
And take thy sins away.

Calvary.

BY ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

TUNE—Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

4 Hear the story of the Cross,
Where my Saviour suffered loss,
Savior me, His life it cost,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

There this loving heart was bathed
Deep in sorrow as they laid
Thou on brow—in blood was washed,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Fainting 'neath His cross He bore,
Bruised and bleeding, sinking there,
None to pity, none to care,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Martred in His face with gory head,
Marched to Calvary—footsteps red,
Went His body from blood shed,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Lifted high 'midst hearts of stone
Five bleeding wounds to earth is shown,
His feet, His hands, His heart so torn,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Man of Sorrows, blessed name,
Ever flows His blood the same,
Washing sins of crimson stain,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!



PROMOTIONS—

Captain R. J. Wierman, late of Richmond Street Corps, Toronto, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Sarah Scarr, late of Brantford, Ontario, Corps, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Minnie Fitzpatrick, of Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Rebecca Ellery, of St. John, N.B., Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Bella Headip, late of Montreal, P. Q., Rescue Home, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Minnie Collett, late of Nanaimo, B.C., Corps, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Minnie Green, of Winnipeg, Man., Corps, to be Captain.

Cadet W. H. Gibson, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Fred. Mobius, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Arthur Wilkins, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet John W. Baxter, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Deliah Dryer, late of Winnipeg Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Lillian Stephens, late of Winnipeg Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT AND MRS. ARCHIBALD, to take charge of Victoria, B.C. Corps and District.

ENSIGN AND MRS. WISEMAN, to take charge of Belleville Corps and District.

ENSIGN SARAH SCARR, to take charge of Cobourg Corps and District.

Captain Fox, appointed to Montreal "Lighthouse," pro tem, to take charge.

Captain Tierney, late of Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home, to take charge of Children's Shelter, Toronto, Ontario.

Captain Headip, to Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home.

Captain Collett, to Edmonton, N.W.T., Corps.

Lieutenant Gibson, to Oakberry, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Mobius, to Neepawa, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Wilkins, to Rapid City, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Baxter, to Mount Lebanon, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Dryer, to Selkirk (in charge), Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Stephens, to Edmonton, Manitoba, Corps.

MARRIAGE.

MAJOR RICHARD MORRIS, last stationed in charge of Montreal "Lighthouse," married at Hamilton, Ontario, to Captain Mrs. Harrison, last in charge of the Winnipeg Rescue Home, on Easter Monday, the 25th of March, by Commandant H. H. Booth.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

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ALL-NIGHT AT TORONTO TEMPLE.
PROVINCIAL, DISTRICT AND CORPS NEWS.
EASTERN REPORTS, etc.



TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, March 29, 1894.

DEATH TO LIFE.

Easter has come and gone. Thank God, the power of the resurrected Christ has been exhibited in the Army's midst throughout the Dominion and the world. Jesus of Nazareth has been passing by; crowds have assembled to see the miracles He has wrought in our midst; many have pressed through the throng and found healing through a touch from Him. The scene at the Temple all night of prayer on Good Friday was a notable instance of the wonder-working God being still in our midst. For all this, hallelujah.

CHERISH.

A word more. God will not often give souls to a people who have not enough vital godliness to nurse the new converts into vigor when they have them. Comrades, see that the new-born souls are not suffered to perish for lack of the sincere milk of the Word or the loving sympathy of the soldiers and corps to whom, under God, they owe their salvation.

APOLOGIES.

Will our many, and we rejoice to say, rapidly increasing number of contributors, excuse us cutting down their reports in a way that will look to them positively unmerciful. We regret to do it, but are compelled to through the displacement and disarranging of our ordinary matter in consequence of the Easter WAR CRY. We do so little condensing, comparatively, that we feel sure our comrades will bear this all right.

BLESS.

May God pour the resurrection life, light, and power in abundance into the heart of every person that has to do with the WAR CRY, from the Editorial staff to the smallest contributor and furthest customer. Amen.

Look Out in Next Number for Portrait of Mother Cameron, of Barrie.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do they light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the lamp-stand; and it shines to all that are in the house. Thus let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify you who are in heaven.—"New Testament Teaching."

Territo

BY TI

The Easter Cry is w

The Easter "Cr

has carried off the cake back 11—at full gallop greatest credit upon all to lay the glory at Jesus' already under consideration, a thousand times, into the night, entailed

Arrangements approx

The Congress.

arrangement, mixed with 18th to 21st. Make it down somewhat well. You must be the ing of the entire staff (a staff council. All the officers' council of a original character; see before done. A two de

A desperate attempt claims of God upon the both indoors and out organized battle for a tempted. The grand festival and Salvation Army held in Canada. Massey Music Hall, held, nearly five thousand meeting which the pledges, for interest and for sin, will eclipse the battle of song conducted in 1892. Marches of and splendid order. Salvation Army riga. riders. Maiming of br a whitening of Holy g glory. To is intended. vation Army shall see an Excursions will run by from everywhere, and conclude with a grand of the city of Hamilton calling for England. dedicated to their imp well and faithfully at the stration in England. Now, make up your later.

The Commandant has

A Farm. me

with farm produce. It

ally possible for provid under the salvation fa enterprises are worki and other countries.

Eastern E

I left St. John 7:30 a six fingers frozen while which, for several he thawed, reminded me

Passing through Suez Captain Overington; an Ensign Dralway; and the Blood. I met Cap here.

As there was a sim line, and I could not by Thru, which meani three hours in this quarters, and had sup. My Faury. In conve the Captain told me he eers (conversion of man, who had spent a but was now saved) told me he had about he enrolled at the near Officer. This is good, Thru. The have jai which was conducted all. The whole affa minister who tied the of the work of the Sal come for the night was cheered up the hearts has been rather scarce

Two or three young Thru, who were sin they: named and he when they got off, singers says, "What the weather was inter the our had a fire at e bright; yet I had to and to wrap myself up

I arrived in one tim met by Ensign Hunter was very pleased to last son of Ensign Hunter which was a welcome we sorry to miss the ing, but was on hand, which was a m holiness meeting, we

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETING—SUBJECT: "REAL RELIGION."

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The Easter Cry is what we might call a "clippie" she excels all others by many points; these others, too, were hard to beat. Major Complin has carried off the cake at the point of his sword 1—on horse back 1—on fall gallop!!! The whole affair reflects the greatest credit upon all who had anything to do with it. Let us be by the glory at Jesus' feet. The Christmas number is already under consideration. Wait till you see that! Thank God, a thousand times, for the willing labor, lasting often far into the night, entailed in the production of this special.

Arrangements approach completion. A few points of interest here. Don't forget the date. It is perfectly marvelous what one can manage with a little arrangement, mixed with a little determination. June 15th to 21st. Make up your mind at once, to be there. Write it down somewhere. Hang it on the kitchen or parlor wall. You must be there. There will be a general gathering of the entire staff (with few exceptions) of the Dominion. A staff council. All the field officers of Ontario; a field officers' council of a unique and original character; something never before done. A two days with God. A desperate attempt to bring the claims of God upon the whole city, both indoors and out. The best organized battle for souls yet attempted. The grandest musical festival and Salvation Army display ever held in Canada, in the great Mosley Music Hall, building. I am told, nearly five thousand people. A meeting, which the Commandant pledges, for interest and effect, if not for size, will eclipse the great C. P. battle of song conducted by himself in 1892. Marches of immense size and splendid order. Parades of Salvation Army regiments. Mounted out-rides. Singing of brass bands and a whirlwind of Holy Ghost fire and glory. It is intended that the Salvation Army shall see and hear itself. Exorcism will run by rail and boat from every point, and the whole will conclude with a grand bombardment of the city of Hamilton. During the last meeting the party sailing for England the next day will farewell and be dedicated to their important duty of representing Canada well and faithfully at the great International C. P. Demonstration in England.

Now, make up your mind to come. Further particulars later.

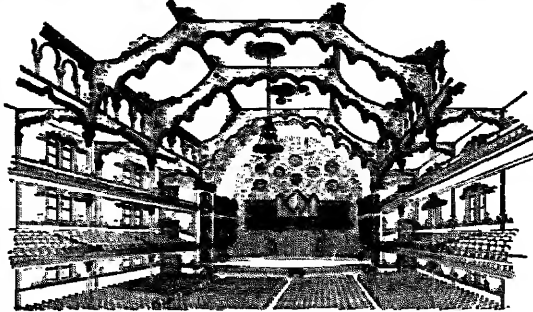
The Commandant has decided to turn farmer! It has now become necessary and wise to provide means for supplying our various and ever-increasing institutions in the city with farm produce. It is also well to have all the opportunity possible for providing labor to those willing to work under the salvation influence of the Salvation Army. Such enterprises are working splendidly in Australia, Africa, and other countries. Why not in Canada? Several small

farms have been seen by the Commandant with this end in view, and probably an announcement will be made shortly of our latest social enterprise.

Stanley and Winnipeg.

Meanwhile, negotiations are passing between Toronto and London, England, as to whether any one can be made of the two thousand acres of splendid, richly timbered land, presented to the Army last year in New Brunswick; and news comes of a significant gift by the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, of 100 acres of land, thirty miles from Winnipeg! So it is that we "inherit the land." I wonder if there will ever be a model settlement of Salvationists on principles of co-operation, and brotherly love in Canada? Why not? If all the Salvation Army farmers of Canada could unite under one flag in one place, and live in one accord, true to fixed principles. But "it doth not yet appear." Don't forget, though, it is in religion, and not money grabbing, that has made every nation on God's earth. Religion made it; greed has destroyed it. Query: How to get a maximum of religion with a minimum of greed—outside heaven?

After the introduction of Brigadier Margette at London, the Commandant leaves by the mid-night train for Toronto, and journeys on the Monday night to Montreal, where matters of great importance make it necessary for him to hold counsel with Brigadier Jacobs, who comes from the East to meet him. On Tuesday night, the Commandant returns to Toronto, where matters of urgent



THE MOSLEY MUSIC HALL, where the Great Musical Festival is to be celebrated.

business will be transacted, until the following Friday night, when, after the business meeting, he leaves for the Coast. Mrs. Booth will conduct the two business meetings on the Friday nights during which the Commandant is absent.

Major Morris was married to Captain Mrs. Harrison on Monday night, March 26th, 1894. It was in very many respects a model marriage service. Happy, but never too gay to be solemn; free, but never out of hand; full of joyful greetings, but never forgetful of the serious obligations that two living souls enter when they enter God's altar to be each other's good-keepers, and take the momentous responsibility of living in each other's secret thoughts. The Major goes to Newfoundland; a happy man, with many expressions of affection, and takes with him a wife, who, by her simplicity and outspoken fidelity, was all hearts. Brig-

adier Margette has just arrived in Toronto, on route for London. Major Read is also in Toronto. He is suffering from a temporary illness brought on by fatigue and over work. Pray for him. Pray for them all.

It appears to have gone off like a rocket—nor do I believe it will come down like a stick! For good, solid, Holy Ghost times, I don't think there has ever been an Easter in Canada to surpass it. I am told so on all hands. Brigadier de Barritt reports splendid times at the Temple, Orillia, Barrie, and Lippincott; Brigadier Scott reports a triumphant Officers' Council at Belleville. (Thank you, my dear comrades, for that message of love and loyalty you sent me!) Also soul-saving times at Peterboro'. Brigadier Margette swept the field at his last "pitch-in" at Winnipeg, and came away with the cry of twenty-seven penitents in his ears. Brigadier Jacobs lifted up his voice in Halifax, and denounced the devil as soon as he landed, celebrating his home-coming by opening the Rescue Home, and getting the hearts of ten souls open to let the Master in. And as for the Commandant and his faithful followers, Brigadier Holland, they passed a simply glorious time, both at Toronto and Hamilton. That all-night was a Divine time. We were as fresh and full of fire at five a.m. as we were at eleven p.m., only more so. Hamilton is reported elsewhere. There is a great turn in the tide there. Hamilton is coming back to the glory of her old self. I conducted indoor meetings and three outdoor services from the time I arrived, one o'clock Sunday morning, to the hour I left, nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. The largest audiences came together gathered for many years. I never spoke to crowds who listened more eagerly or respectfully to what I had to say. Especially was this the case in the Rev. Dr. Philip's church on Sunday evening, where I spoke of a sin in the present tense to an audience I felt to be a pleasure to talk to. God bless Hamilton. There is a great future ahead of her. She must have a new barracks somehow. Oh, for wit and wealth!

These meetings give promise of becoming a great power. Already their influence on the city. Friday Night. Salvation Army has been, by universal consent most gratifying. As the audiences increase, which they do weekly, that influence will be spread wider and wider, and I predict that multitudes of God's followers in and out of the Army, will look back to these Friday nights as the turning points of their spiritual history. Each week the atmosphere grows keener, and the expectation of these attending is increased. It is a going on from glory to glory. Let every city soldier make a desperate effort to be present. These meetings will not last, for, even although their success has warranted a continuance of them for an indefinite period. My supreme desire for them is that they may be times, not only of receiving and deepening blessing, important as that is, but that in them men and women may come to see the obligations under which they lie, and that a great yearning for the salvation of the lost and the stirring of the dead may result.

The conducting of the Friday night meetings has led us to another decision calculated to have considerable influence on the future of the Army in the city. We are greatly hampered for want of a suitable small hall in connection with our central premises; and since we can gather together for holiness services, united officers' councils, nights of prayer, and so forth, without being stifled or let loose on a small parlor with a roof on. An idea has suggested itself by which a commodious and comfortable little hall, capable of seating some 450 persons, can be built under one portion of the big Temple. The plans will be arranged in the most improved style—semi-circular—so that the audience will radiate from the speaker. The probable cost will be \$200, of which the Temple corps is to raise \$200, and the Commandant the balance. This will obviate the necessity of our having to hire outside halls, and it is hoped that the last of the Friday night meetings will be conducted here.

great victory. At once we held a council, laid down lines, and formed plans to attack the town. Four days bombardment was the announcement. March around town every morning at 6.30 a.m.; knee-drill at 7 a.m.; breakfast and prayer; home to home visitation from 10 a.m. to 12 a.m.; and from 2 to 5 p.m. Every house in town was visited, with the exception of those lately visited by the Captain before our arrival. This done we felt that God told us to visit the different places of business on the main street, and deal with them as if it was our last chance. We talked to the bankers through the window; we peeped in the lively saloons with the boys; we visited the hotels; we prayed with the proprietors.

The morning marches kept everybody awake. One woman thanked us for getting her husband to work. A young man was startled, and thought that he had slept all day and that the Army was marching at 8 p.m.

Our meetings were well attended, and two souls knelt at the penitent form.—Captain BAILLY.

Bay Roberts Bids Farewell.

Since our last report we have been favored with a visit from several officers, who have been passing this way. Brigade Captain Tilley, while waiting for the train, spent a few days with us; in one of his meetings three professed salvation.

We have just had a visit from Staff Captain and Mrs. Read. We always appreciate their visit as if it was our last chance. We said to our good-bye to them. We pray that wherever they go they will be made the blessing to others that they have been to us.

The Lord is still with us. Last night a dear brother came in our meeting, his face beaming with joy, and with the glad news that the Lord had saved him in his home that afternoon. His comrades were with him, and before the meeting closed he, too, found Christ. This is only the forerunner of what is coming.—Captain PRY.

Cornwall Clippings.

The announcement was given that our Saturday night's meeting was to be, "Our first impressions of the Salvation Army." This, of course, aroused the curiosity of the people, especially since we have something new in the musical line provided by Lieutenant Bennett. The two things brought a larger crowd to the barracks than we usually have. During the testimony meeting, led by Captain Brindley, Brother B— said that after living in the same house for two months with a soldier filled with the love of God, you could help knowing what the Army was like. We believe testimony given by the power of God is often received in the hearts of poor sinners. Our motto is, "Christ first, Christ last, Christ my all in all."—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Brandon Bombarded.

The past week has been proper. God has been very near to us. Captain McGill volunteered to give us ten days. The first engagement was Brandon. Six souls for the Lord. Monday we heard the train for Corberry. We found Captain Smith and Lieutenant Gibson in excellent spirits and believing for

Eastern Easter Eggs.

I left St. John 7.30 a.m. on Sunday. I had six fingers frozen while going to the station, which, for several hours after they were thawed, reminded me of the Easter story.

Passing through Sussex, I saw Esau, and Captain Bright; and at Moncton, I saw Esau Bright; who reports victory through the blood. I met Captain Friesell at Amherst.

At there was a smelt-up on the Short Line, and I could see no through. I had to go by Truro, which meant I had to wait over three hours in this town. I went to the quarters, and had supper with Captain and Mrs. Fanny. In conversation about the War, the Captain told me he had had several good cases of conversion of late. One, an Irishman, who had spent a lot of money in drink, but was now saved and sober. In all, he reckoned he had about ten recruits ready to be enrolled at the next visit of the District Officer. This is good, and means victory for Truro. The last few days I had a wedding, which was conducted by Staff Captain Hester. The whole affair was a success. The minister who tied the knot, testified in favor of the work of the Salvation Army. The income for the night was \$25. This no doubt cheered up the hearts of the officers, as money has been rather scarce of late.

Two or three young men got in the cars at Truro, who were almost mad drunk, and they tumbled and howled in a terrible way, and when they got off, I heard one of the passengers say, "What fools run our make." The weather was intensely cold, and although the car had a fire at each end which burned brightly, yet I had to sit with my coat on, and to wrap myself up as best I could.

I arrived in due time at New Glasgow, was met by Esau Hunter and Captain Dyer, and was very pleased to hear that the choir quarters of Esau Hunter, had a hot snow, which was a welcome sight. Of course, I was very busy on the Saturday night's meeting, which was a most blessed time. At business meeting, we had three seeking the

blowing of a clean heart. In the afternoon, the march was rather large, and full of spirit and song. Indoors, we had a mixture of death, joy, and conviction, and at night, three candidates forwarded for the Fredericton Training School. Esau Hunter called them "The Three Graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity." Their testimonies seemed to have the right ring, and I believe they will be a blessing in the Salvation Army. There was great conviction in the meeting, and after quite a struggle in the prayer meeting, four souls came out for admission into the Army.

On Monday night we commenced eleven households, and had a very good spiritual time.

On Tuesday, I saw the Candidates off to the Training Garrison. There was a great crowd of soldiers and friends to bid them adieu.

On Tuesday night I was at Stellarton. I found Captain Brindley and Lieutenant Newell very busy. They have been having quite a number of souls lately. One of the comrades here, who had only been saved about two weeks, was killed by the rails in the pit, which, through an accident, came running down the slope, and smashed him to pieces. He was buried on the Wednesday.

The Salvation Army officers and soldiers took the meeting at the home, and the Church of England minister took the service at the grave.

Wednesday, I landed at Friesell. I found Captain Bagg and Lieutenant White in good spirits, and in fighting trim, and although it was soldiers' meeting night, yet we had a very good crowd; very good attention. Every- one seemed interested, and many were converted.

On Thursday, I went to Piquet, where I found Lieutenant Maxwell and Rhodon, who are holding feet at this place. We had a very fair meeting, good crowd, and everything went with a swing. We did our level best to get a number of the friends, but did not succeed. Captain Tuttle, who is on post, was at the front, and sang a solo, accompanied by her orchestra. Lieutenant Maxwell informed me that money is very scarce at this

M STREET
ENTS.

the General.
By the Commandant.
Francis Willard.
HAMILTON.
AT BOWMANVILLE.
IN CHICAGO.
NEWFOUNDLAND.
TO TEMPLE.
AND CORN'S NEW.

CRY
APRIL 7, 1894.

THE WAR CRY,
Friday, March 27, 1894.

TO LIFE.

and gone. Thank the resurrected Christ in the Army's midst and the world has been passing by; bled to see the mirage in our midst; d through the throng through a touch from the Temple all-Good Friday was a wonder-working our midst. For all.

FISH.

God will not often people who have not come to nurse the new when they have see that the new-born to perish for lack of the Word or the of the soldiers and der God, they owe

OGIES.

and we rejoice to say, number of contrib- ing down their reports look to them post- We regret to do it, to through the dis- arranging of our consequence of the We do so little com- pely, that we feel sure this all right.

38.

the resurrection life, abundance into the on that has to do from the Editorial cent contributor and Amen.

Next Number
of Mother
of Barrie.

the world. A city cannot be hid. Not and put it under the lamp-stand; and it in the house. Thus fore men, that they rks, and glorify your ren.—"New Test-

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."—MAL. III, 10.

CROWDS CONTINUE TO ATTEND THE FRIDAY NIGHT HOLINESS MEETING AT ELM ST.



BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

A general change in the Lifeboat. Some



humble and obedient as usual, picked up his traps and went a little higher. But in spite of our desire to play the part of a martyr, we are obliged to be honest and confess, we are really got the best of the bargain; for instead of a cory little office, we have now a cory big one, which we have already grown to love.

House-cleaning is the order of the day. Fresh paint and paper are doing much to brighten and renovate the good old ship, and we hope soon to have everything in apple-pie order.

To miss a Sunday night's meeting always means a very large bite out of the week's pleasure. We love the bright singing, the happy testimonies; we love to watch the tears glisten in the eyes of some poor "wandering boy." But best of all, we love to see them kneel at the Cross and to hear that joy-awakening cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

It was Monday, we had missed the meeting last night, and were consequently most anxious to hear the news. "I've got something good to tell you; three out last night." Oh, had you; that's beautiful. Who were they? And as we listened and heard of the victories that had been won, truly our heart did sing for joy. Soberly over whom we had been yearning, had at last stepped into light and liberty, and now from the depths of thankful hearts, we cry, "Oh, God, keep them true!" Later on in the afternoon, we had a little chat with two of these newly-saved comrades. Oh, what a change a few hours had wrought! As we talked to one, his face seemed

lighted up with heaven's own joy, and as they expressed their fixed determination to go forward and stand firm for God, our hearts were encouraged, and we received fresh strength for the battle.

Have you any news of my boy? Poor soul, it was only a few days ago that she had called and asked just the same question. We had promised her that through our Enquiry Department we would do our utmost to find the joy and pride of her heart. We explained to her that we had scarcely yet had time to receive word, and told her she should know the moment we did. "Very well," she said, sadly, "I won't bother you any more, but it's tagging at my heart strings." God bless the dear old soul. We did not consider her a bother, far from it. We only pray that God will direct our steps to her loved and long lost boy. Officers, in connection with this department of our work, will you let the Private Detective say just one word. You know you sometimes receive a letter asking your help in the discovery of some missing one, will you please give each letter your prompt and personal attention? Remember that while the time may seem short to you, it seems very long and dreary to those who, like the poor old woman, have something tagging at their heart strings.

Why, is that you? I didn't know you. We wrote on the opposite side of the street. Our attention had been attracted by the bright uniform and the smiling face. Oh, yes, now we recognize him, he is one of the Lifesboat comrades now, an enrolled soldier—fighting, living, and working for God. You can ask him all about his past life of sin, and drink, and misery, and he is not afraid to tell you, for he knows the past is all under the Blood. Thank God for another trophy, another hand snatched from the burning; and still we go forth conquering and to conquer, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob in our refuge.

Fidelity to the Saviour.

"Of Felicitas, it is said, she was a noble and rich widow of Rome, in the time of Marcus Aurelius. She had seven sons, whom she instructed in the Christian faith; and her influence led many to adopt the Christian religion. She and her sons were cited before the prefect of the city, who tried to entreaty and threats to make them to worship false gods and deny Christ. He appealed to the maternal feeling of Felicitas; but she replied that her sons would know how to choose between everlasting life and everlasting death. One by one, they were required to abjure Christ; but the mother exhorted them to stand firm, and told them that a great reward awaited them in glory. She stood by, and saw her eldest son, who had been to death with a sword; the fourth son was a rock; the other three, occupied with the thought of their mother, who had said that God had given her seven sons, counted worthy to be saints in Paradise. At length, after protracted and excruciating torture, she was beheaded."

Rev. JOSEPH BROWNE, the eminent Wesleyan commentator, says: "I could do nothing but pray that I might be holy, even as He is holy. Everything else appeared to be so insignificant as not to deserve a thought. Oh, how I long to speak of nothing else! My soul was, as it were, laid God, and satiated with His goodness. He so strengthened my faith as to perfectly banish all my doubts and fears, and so filled me with humble, peaceful love, that I could and did devote my soul and body, and health and strength, to His glory and service. Oh, what a change that God wrought in me! Glory to God! I am, indeed, put into possession of a new nature. Over and over again, with infinite sweetness, did I dedicate myself to God."

A PREACHER who was asked the cause of his impoverished condition, said that it was due to preaching so much without notes.

HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone No. 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for men for all kinds of work.

Kindling, Wood and Coal. City Prices. Delivered.

East Ontario Province. BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Kingston.

We have no tales of defeat to tell from here, but on the other hand, God has given us some grand and definite victories. The winter's warfare under the leadership of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Sharp, was blessed by God in having some good cases of conversion and sanctification.

Ensign McGillivray has just taken charge, and the prospects for a good summer's work are more than encouraging. There are several candidates here who ought to be in the field long ago, and a number of contented looking soldiers who should send in their applications to Brigadier Scott.

From this corps soldiers, and converts, and officers, are scattered almost over the whole world. Bandmaster Taylor and wife have lately gone to Mexico, God bless them.

Last Thursday night, Ensign had a band concert. A good crowd in attendance, and a very profitable time was spent.

Within the last few weeks, God has saved some who promise to make good soldiers.

They come to the marches, and sit on the long benches, while many, who ought to be soldiers, sit down below and gaze on the beauties and joys that are had by obeying God.

The Juniors' work is progressing, and we are expecting great things from the large and small divisions.

I must not forget our War. Car boomers, who actually besiege the city every Saturday afternoon, visiting depots, hotels, stores, shops and factories, with a paper filled with salvation, and hearts to correspond. Our faith is strong, and our God is Almighty; so with clean hearts and lives, we expect a time of victory.—Wm. RITCHIE.

Peterboro'.

After borrowing a pair of driving mitts from "Dad Green," and making some enquiries about the roads to Newwood, I started around the District. I arrived there in good time for dinner, after doing about thirty-three miles, with the thermometer about thirty degrees below zero.

The officers here are having a hard fight, but they are going at it with good faith, and I believe they will have victory. We had a nice little meeting at night. Two brothers held up their hands to be prayed for; and I had the joy of seeing one of them at the penitential form here in Peterboro' a few nights ago. Hallelujah, Jesus does answer prayer.

TWENTY came next, but I had to drive fifty miles before I reached there, and the weather as cold as ever, but I managed to keep myself warm by having a run now and again. I arrived at Marsboro' about noon. Here I let my horse have a rest, and gave her some food. I got to Tuxedo about six o'clock, and found Captain Towell, and Lieutenant Holden, with supper all ready waiting for me. They have been having pretty good times here lately, and quite a few souls have been saved. I spent Saturday night and Sunday at this place; we had good meetings.

Then I went to CAMPELLFORD, a distance of thirty-five miles. Sorry to find Mrs. Walker sick. Things have been going very well here of late, and there are quite a lot of soldiers. Captain Walker is in for doing his best for God and souls.

WATERLOO was the next place on the list. Captain Walker came with me for the meeting here, and about fifteen of the Campbellford soldiers. We had a good meeting, although the crowd was small. Lieutenant Nyland is in charge, and is going in for victory.

We were to have a meeting at Indian village the next night, but could not get the hall, it being otherwise engaged.

I called at Mrs. Crow's on my way to Peterboro'. I was kindly entertained, and had my horse fed.

I found on my arrival home, that things were by no means at a standstill. Eleven souls were saved while I was away. Six more have sought mercy since. Glory to Jesus.

I have visited MILLBROOK this week. Things are on the rise here. A few souls have got moved, and the soldiers are getting fired up properly. Captain LeDrew is going in for a revival. Victory is our motto all around. EUGENE MACDONALD.

Kemptville.

Glory to God, that again the report is unity and love. Altogether, things are on the move. A new outpost, bombarded with utterance free of charge for the spreading of the glad tidings of His glorious Gospel to the dear people of Halville, and by the help of God, to lead souls so precious, from death unto life. God help us to believe for the return of the prodigal children to their home once more. Oh, Lord, raise our faith, and love! We believe there's conviction, and a longing in the heart of the sinner.—A SOLDIER.

Lachute.

Since our last report God has been helping us. Another one has started for God. The fight is hard, but the Lord has promised the victory. Ensign McLean was here for a meeting and had a very good time. For days ahead for Lachute. We need your prayers.—Captain McLEAN.

Quebec.

Just a line or two to tell you we have arrived safely in this city. We were met at the station by our beloved comrade, Captain Graham, whose name is well known around this part of the world.

After relieving ourselves of a few of our parcels we started out to climb the hills, and make our way to our new home on St. Patrick street. On our road we met our friend, Mr. Pfeiffer, and received from him a grip of the hand and a hearty welcome to Quebec.

On our arrival at the quarters we were welcomed again by our comrade, Captain Betts, who has so lovingly volunteered to remain to assist us in this great battle.

I cannot say yet much about our work here, but I would like to mention that although we find only a few soldiers they are "the faithful few," who have stood firm amidst every difficulty, and whose hearts we believe beat true to their God Whom they serve.

Meetings all day on Sunday were very good; God's presence was with us, and His voice was heard speaking to many a heart.

Although the fight here means a desperate one, yet we have no thought of becoming faint-hearted or discouraged. Why should we while we know King Jesus leads us on? Yes, we feel really sure that the about of victory shall yet go up from our midst, but we need your prayers. You can depend upon us, although three of God's weakest ones, to stand firm with our face to the foe.—Mrs. Ensign MITCHELL, Captain HELLMANN and Captain BETTS.

Pembroke.

The past week God has been working here. Three souls came to the feet of Jesus and air for cleansing. Glory hallelujah! Our motto is, "Never may die"—Captain CROUCH.

Tweed.

Since our last report we have had our new D. O., Ensign Macdonald, with us for a week. We had a glorious time through all the meetings. We were very glad to welcome the Ensign, so were the people of the town—both Methodists and Presbyterians. We are hoping to have him come again soon. The meetings were a source of blessing to souls and sinners, for although no souls would yield, yet we believe a good work was done.

On Saturday we held a pound-meeting and sing-song. The friends were very kind and liberal in bringing in the pounds. God bless them. We pray they shall never want for the Bread of Life.

Our meeting was a time of power; the Spirit of God was much felt. Praise God.—Captain TOWELL and Lieutenant REDDON.

Millbrook.

This week we have had with us our new D. O., Ensign Macdonald. Everybody seemed to enjoy his visit. After the meeting was closed on Thursday night a man came to the penitential form, crying to God to save him; as the comrades prayed he claimed forgiveness of his sins. Others have asked us to pray that God will help them to decide.

We have some proper blood-and-fire soldiers here, who not only know how to pray, but do it. There are a large number of friends who are very kind; they have helped us nobly since we came. God bless them, every one.—Captain M. LEDEW.

Perth.

Again we are glad to report victory over sin coming to Jesus, and grand ones; one, a little boy of eleven years old. On Sunday night he sat and cried while the lesson was being read; then, while the prayer meeting was going on, without anyone saying a word to him, he exclaimed aloud, "That will do; I'll go!" So he stepped out and got saved.

Among the number is a man who never prayed before in his life until Monday night, when he came, with his wife, to Jesus. Some old bookkeepers have returned, praise God! For some years they have been in misery, but have come back to the fold! Hallelujah! All are doing well. I must tell you that on Sunday afternoon there were twenty-one on the march, and twenty-six at night. God is with us, praise His name for ever. Our brass band is coming on very nicely. Of course music of all kinds is nice when it is played for Jesus' sake. I must also say that there are some sinners here at war with everywhere else.—Captain BROCKENSHIRE.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH, Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, 7:45 p. m., Friday Evening.

Subject: "Real Religion."

Commandant at Hamilton

(Continued from page 5.)

from Simon who informed the Commandant he had not yet visited his corps, has "perfect peace."

Mrs. Staff Captain Fry said "Jesus with me is united." I have been much blessed at the Easter meetings, and am going from them more than ever determined to fight.

Mr. Stonehouse often thanked God for the noisy crew. When he came to Je with his heart loaded with sin Jesus freely forgave him. He can go to Jesus with any trouble and always finds relief. He could not live without Jesus. Rejoices that he is going to meet the friends in heaven.

The Commandant at this point asked for more faith, explaining that faith is like the couplet linking the cars to the locomotive. Ever so beautiful car, but motionless unless attached to the locomotive.

Said a brother: "My name is

Walter.

I wait on the Lord in the Ambitious City. ("You are a man of weight," interjected the Commandant. In reply, a nod.) Five months ago I came to this place of perfect rest. May may I ought to have struck it long before. Since reaching that spot, I have lived a blameless life—next perfect, but blameless—and I know it. I found it entirely useless to do it in the effort of the flesh, I met myself entirely on God, and have been used of God since then."

Edna Ashett

said his will was subjected to God, that he was dead to the flesh, and fleshly interests. The burden of his heart was to have a revival. It had been so ever since arriving at St. Catharines.

WEDDING.

Magnificent victory in the justifiable verdict on Salvation Army operations at Hamilton under the leadership of

Edna Altschoud

and the officers of both the Hamilton corps. The crowd's attention, that spot, had been all that could be desired, but the climax was reached on Monday.

There was a magnificent attendance at the wedding

Banquet,

which was presided over by the Commandant. Major Morris and his bride, on entering, were received with great applause.

The wedding meeting had a twenty sent admission collection on the door, but that did not prevent a good crowd of people assembling to witness it.

Our leader made wise and pithy remarks on the subject of marriage. The Bible is a book merciful to

Women.

In the lesson being read it tells wives to submit to their husbands; but there is a saving clause inserted, viz., "As unto the Lord." "That is," said the Commandant, addressing the wives, "if he calls you to go to the theatre, or to spend your money on football and flowers, don't do it; you are justified in refusing, because that is not 'unto the Lord.' The husband is the head of the wife. Yes, that suits the man very well, but how is the head 'even as Christ in the head of the Church?' And Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; so ought men to love their wives.

Husbands should not lose their love.

This new relationship, the Commandant allowed to persons entering the barracks under different circumstances. Enter it in the dark and the peace, unity, and platform would be obstructions in the way; enter it in the light and the former obstructions would become essential articles for comfort and convenience. So may the light of God be with the contracting parties just entering this new state.

The wedding Articles were then read, explained as being pledges to principles, not promises, and then the Major with Captain Harrison, the bride, stood forth and pledged themselves.

Very great applause at the completion of the ceremony, and then Major Morris rose to deliver his fiery address. Major Morris is a fine man in every way. He said he had difficulty in saying much, but he knew where to get strength for the fight, and that nothing could be substitute for the power of the Holy Ghost in his work. The Major asked for the prayers of the comrades in his new fight in Newfoundland.

Mrs. Morris spoke

Beautifully.

She has a sweet, serene face, and in demeanor simply infused the affectionate, sunny her brother paid her in his address, when he remarked that her influence in the family had always been for good.

We congratulate Newfoundland on being privileged with two such leaders. They will doubtless go for God, and may He grant them thousands of souls among the fiery fisher-folk.

Following the concluding,

"Gloria Hie," came a second banquet, with Major and Mrs. Morris present.

A FINAL SALUTE

Newfoundland.

FAREWELL MEETINGS

DEAR NEWFOUNDLAND! How can I, in a few notes, write of the blessedness of these past months' warfare? Some of the happiest days have been spent with men of the happiest of all people. Now the time has come to separate, perhaps for ever, and we hasten to gather up a few fragments concerning the few last days.

The order to farewell came in the midst of a successful seven days' campaign at No. II, St. John's. It was Monday night after the banquet; the tables had been cleared repeatedly. The march was a most enthusiastic one; the greatest excitement prevailed on that lively procession swept through the streets. Three souls were saved out of the large interested crowd present.

The previous Friday we had seen thirteen



at the previous four, and in the Sunday meeting eleven had cried for mercy.

During the remainder of the series an enrollment of ten recruits (fifteen more are ready) took place, and several souls were saved. A great revival has been going on here.

Sixty Souls Having been Saved in four or five weeks.

There was only time for a hasty farewell visit to a few of the nearest corps.

Previous to starting for Carleton on Saturday, we had the remarkable joy of seeing thirteen seeking the blessing on Friday night at a lovely holiness service at No. 1.

The dear Lord blessed the Sunday's meetings in Carleton. One brother sought the blessing in the holiness meeting. Five souls as the visible result of the impressive Sunday night's engagement. A halcyon wind-up, such as Carleton knows how to have, finished the day.

Not the least enjoyable was the soldiers' council in the afternoon and the sergeant's meeting in the quarters. Secretary Altschoud, of West's Content, had driven across the "barren" in the bitter cold, and was with us for this meeting.

God bless these dear gaily equipped, and make them more than ever in the future, as in the past, useful in their corps.

It was while in Hather Grace, on Monday, that a note came from Captain Jost, telling the joyful news of twenty-eight saved the Sunday previous at the mother corps.

Our visit meeting was well attended, and the soldiers' council was one we shall not forget. The work in this garrison corps has been most in a wonderful way, as the rows of converts go to prove.

We shall ever remember our kind friends, Secretary and Mrs. Whitman, and all the many who wished us God speed.

Through the kindness of the Governor we had a little talk with the prisoners, and made arrangements for a weekly meeting to be held by our officers and cadets here.

A hurried visit to Bay Roberts, with a public meeting and a soldiers' council, was the program for the following day. Captain Knight accompanied us here, and Captain Fynn was added to our party for Brig.

Unfortunately the very day of our visit to Brig. a large number of men had left for the spring sailing, but notwithstanding, a good number attended the nice banquet prepared by dear Captain Kern and her aids.

The Orange Hall was crowded for the feller, and two knelt at the form—one for salvation, one for holiness.

We finished at Dildo. This place has only had officers two months, but the work is going forward with rapid strides. The writer on a previous visit enrolled nineteen soldiers.

Sergeant-Major Peckey informed us on our arrival at Broad Cove, where he met us to drive us into pretty Dildo, that seven were ready, also a baby to dedicate, and that the pale for the new colors was "all to rights."

The Orange Hall was packed, not an inch of standing room was available. Such a sea of faces awaited us.

The colors were explained and presented by the writer; Brigade-Captain Tilley read the rules; the Staff Captain enrolled the soldiers, bringing the corps up to fifty blood-and-fire soldiers, and they

Are Blood-and-Fire Warriors.

We shall never forget their singing, especially

"Joy, Joy, Joy, for joy of heart I sing, Joy, Joy, Joy, the d-vil he can't destroy; My sins are all forgiven, say this a cheer for heaven, And now I'm running over with Joy, Joy, Joy."

A soldier's baby was also dedicated to the Army. For hours the crowd prayed without a mora. At last we had to disperse them for the Soldiers' Council.

It was drawing near midnight when we bid the last adieu to these warm-hearted people.

A full week's work awaited us in the city. The Sunday at dear old No. 1, was, from seven knock-drill, a procession of Salvation revelations and inspiration, with

Fifteen at the Cross

for the day, eleven for salvation and four for sanctification. No. 1, noted for its many victories and the birthplace of so many souls, was packed to its utmost capacity.

The last of a series of monthly Sergeants' Councils occupied three profitable hours on Monday night in our own home. The city sergeants are an Army in themselves, and if they ever maintain the same spirit of loyal devotion, will be a mighty lever in lifting the city nearer God and holiness.

It was a time of consecration and laying ourselves out before the Lord for more desperate warfare and definite separation from the world.

The final meeting at No. 11, was a novel one—wedding. Howell and Sister Foggart. It was with some difficulty we crunched our way through the crowd which packed the outside space, to find that inside, literally every inch, was taken possession of. Alas, gallery platform, everywhere a perfect sea of eager faces, all anxious to see an Army wedding. There was a quite a bit of excitement when the Staff-Captain announced that this was the seventh time he had officiated since the Marriage Amendment Act was passed last year, and hinted that if they wanted to get married they must "hurry up" as he was going away. "Captains in an Army wedding." The Brigadier, Captain Tilley, the Staff, and writer took part.

The best sight of all was in the proper meeting which followed. The barracks was still crowded, a part of the standing room only being left. And in answer to invitation, the convicted began to volunteer. A sight which must have set heaven's joy bells ringing.

Twelve Sisters Knelt at the Cross.

Five of whom volunteered from the gallery, deliberately coming right down to the platform. Three pairs of sisters—one of them a merchant's daughter, were included in the number saved.

Such a sight we have never seen at a wedding. The conclusion of this meeting can be better imagined than described.

The Thursday night United Public Farewell, in No. 1, was attended by a large crowd.

The platform full of uniformed, happy Salvationists, was a sight to delight the eyes of those who never expected to look upon their bright faces again.

Friday afternoon, the dear comrades of the



two corps provided a tea for soldiers, recruits, and converts, in No. 1. A pleasant time was spent in social intercourse, followed by a march to No. 11, for a united council.

Nearly 200 marched in the procession, with a tremendous crowd following, who seemed disappointed on arriving at our destination, to hear, "Soldiers and converts only."

Talk about "old times;" language falls

when we try to describe that beautiful meeting. From the singing of the first song.

"Would Jesus leave the sinner die?"

until the last testimony and address was given, a sacred, holy influence pervaded. It was pre-eminently a time of feelings, intense longings after God, rather than words, intense utterances. Hearts were touched, consciences quickened; and all, we believe, were inspired with a firmer resolve to "hold fast" the principles we have been convinced as right and true.

As we went down before the Lord, a name took place, which can not be easily obliterated from the memories of those present. Spontaneously from all directions, converts were seen making their way to the Cross. Deliberately, devoutly, coming out to give up all sanctification to many of them, meaning salvation, soldiership, and officeriship. Twenty came out of the almost three hundred in the meeting. Renouncing all, accompanying with their God to follow at all costs.

We pledged devotion and loyalty to our God, and closed seventeen months of blessed fellowship with these comrades, who have stood by us so nobly, and strengthened our hands by their faithfulness and prayer in times of difficulty and prosperity.

Last, but hardly least, was the little, after-dinner meeting with Captain Mon, and the girls in our Rascals Home.

Since its opening—two months ago—six have been admitted, and it did our souls good to hear the girls sing such songs as:

"Oceans, bright Oceans, I'm living in the land of Oceans."

That many days ago they were in a land of bondage.

Citizens of all ranks are taking a deep and practical interest in this little home. And the Press too have "written it up" in enthusiastic terms. The Government has been petitioned for an annual grant.

On the 4th March we steamed off St. John's Harbor, bearing in mind a band of officers and soldiers who are prepared to live and fight for their principles and be true to the flag.

They waved their last adieu for nearly two hours (God bless them) and as strains of their beautiful songs followed us across the waves, we prayed in response to the one:

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting. Evermore we shall conquer."

"Lord keep us by Thy power."

Ever maintain your whole-hearted earnestness, happiness and zeal, dear Newfoundland, and God will give you mighty victories.

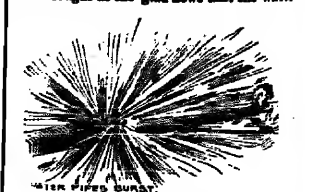
Thank you for your sympathy and co-operation. We shall meet again if we "hold fast" to the end, "Where the surgeon comes to roll."

I am scribbling these few "Notes" at Halifax, where we have had an enjoyable Sunday with ten dear people kneeling at the platform.

The new Rascals Home is to be opened today, of which, no doubt, the WAR CRY will hear later. Yours to conquer.—BLANCHET J. REAN.

Yorkville Yoklings.

Saturday morning, as we were just getting ready to go WAR CRY sailing, Sergeant-Major Goff brought us the glad news that the water



pipe had burst in front of the barracks. What was to be done? No money in the treasury and times hard. There is an old saying "that when the mountains would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed had to go to the mountain." Your humble servant knew the water pipe would not mend itself, so someone would have to mend it, and we were just the boys that could do it. We hunted up all the old picks and shovels we could, and set to work, and up to the time of writing it is not finished, but we are believing to get through with it. I am sorry we cannot afford to have our pictures put in the WAR CRY. Well, thank God for a religion that helps us to take a hand and shovel, or do anything else that will help to get souls saved and God's Kingdom advanced. God is helping us; praise Him. Souls are getting saved, and we are in for victory.—Captain and Mrs. GARRNER.

"REAL

THE DEV

IN C

BY RANDOLPH

(Continued)

Q. I understand

devil in this War

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please tell

you say the devil

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A. Between half

morning.

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Mrs. Winchell

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Q. Then the

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A. Yes, sir.

Q. Isn't it a s

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A. I can't rem

Q. You took

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A. Yes, sir.

Q. At what ag

with the devil?

A. I know him

"REAL RELIGION," Is the Title of a Series of Addresses by THE COMMANDANT
At the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm Street, Every Friday Evening.

THE DEVIL ON TRIAL IN CHICAGO.

BY RAYMOND BUTTS BROWN.

(Continued from last week.)

Q. I understood you to say you saw the devil in this Washingtonian Home?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please tell under what circumstances you saw the devil at this Home?

A. You must see the date?

Q. What hour was it?

A. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Q. Were you in your right mind at this time?

A. I was in *delirium tremens*.

Miss Jennie Mitchell testified from experience that the devil had robbed her of peace and joy that would have been hers if she had never met him. She knew the devil was a murderer, because she had seen one of her acquaintances, while under the influence of drink, kill his chosen. The devil, she thought, caused this murder.

The cross-examination by Attorney Johnson, brought forth the fact that witness was born in Belfast, Ireland.

Q. Are you acquainted with the devil?

A. In fact, have you been so explicit as to state that he is a great big devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please tell how big a devil he is?

A. What I mean by saying that he is a great big devil, is that he is credited to one place, but is in the hearts of the children of men. My opinion is that he is a great big devil. The devil is a devil, anywhere. (laughter.)

Leo Michael, attorney, after taking the bar, said he came in contact with the devil about twenty years ago, in the form of a letter given by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

He was much taken up with the epistle given to Mr. Ingersoll at this time, and thought it would be a glorious thing if he could only be possessed like that, so he started to be an infidel at once. The devil led him down deep in sin, and he was a great big devil, and all that was grand and good, but through the Salvation Army he was brought back to the feet of the Cross.

The cross-examination failed to in any way shake Mr. Michael's evidence, and he was dismissed.

Clément Simonsen said that the devil had come to him as an angel of light, and induced to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath Day.

He next led him to drink and to swearing. He was then robbed of God's greatest gift to man, i. e., salvation, also of a happy home. His home was made happy again after he came back to God and sought forgiveness of his sins.

Mrs. Winchell on the stand. Direct examination by Attorney Winchell.

Q. Are you acquainted with the defendant, the devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Can you remember when first you made his acquaintance? If so, please state the circumstances.

A. When I was about eight years old, he made me steal raisins from my mother's cupboard.

Q. Then the devil robbed you of your honesty?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you spell the word devil?

D-E-V-I-L.

Q. Please dissect it.

A. E-V-I-L, his nature; V-I-L-E, his appearance; I-L, ill effect on others, and I, where he resides when at home and not visiting.

Q. Do you know anything about any of the visits he makes or where he goes?

A. Yes.

Q. Please state to the court something about where he makes his visits, and the results of such visits?

A. About six years ago a rap came to my door at midnight. A young man asked me to go to his home immediately. The devil came in the form of his father, who was intoxicated. He was very furious with drink, and was knocking the chairs and furniture around the house. His looks were something terrible to behold, and he had just refused a chair to strike his wife down when this young man stepped between them, and said, "Strike me, father, but don't strike mother."

Witness was here handed over to Mr. Johnson for cross-examination.

Q. How old were you when you bargained your mother's cupboard?

A. Eight years old.

Q. Were those bargains very often? On more than one occasion you robbed your mother's cupboard?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Isn't it a fact that you took more than raisins from your mother's cupboard?

A. I can't remember of one other thing.

Q. You took to stealing at a very young age?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. At what age did you become acquainted with the devil?

A. I knew him all my life.

Q. Are you sure it was the devil caused you to take the raisins?

A. I do, for God's Word.

Q. God's Word doesn't say anything about stealing raisins, does it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you believe the devil had anything to do with this man stealing his wife? Wasn't it the cursed liquor that got into him?

A. The devil was causing him to drink.

Q. You believe that with all your heart?

A. I do.

At this juncture in the proceedings, as the hour had got rather late, Attorney Johnson moved that the Court adjourn till the following night at eight o'clock. Judge Becho thereupon declared the Court adjourned as per motion, and the band played a lively air.

THE SECOND NIGHT OF THE TRIAL.

To show the amount of interest that was taken in this trial by the people of Chicago, the court room was again crowded before the hour for commencing had arrived. At eight o'clock Judge Becho took his seat on the bench, the two opposing lawyers went to their places, and the jury was brought in. The first witness called was Mr. Morris T. Murphy, the left-handed hand player in the band.

Mr. Murphy went back about fifteen years in his experience, to an incident where the devil caused him to rob his mother of a pound note so that he could "take his girl to the theatre" (laughter.) He then launched off, giving a short sketch of his life, which went to prove how the devil led him astray. He had worked on nearly all the railroads in the West, and one day fell from the top of a car through car windows (caused by the devil) and lost his right hand. He always had a box of money to spend, and led a very fast life. At one time he had played in a variety show band.

Mr. Johnson then proceeded with the cross-examination.

Q. Now, then, Mr. Murphy, you have said to this Court and jury that the devil has done you a great deal of harm in your life. Have you ever seen the devil?

A. No; I have never seen the devil.

Q. How do you know that there is a devil?

A. I have conclusive proof in my coat that there is a devil.

Q. How do you know?

A. Why, I know. The very fact of you being here to-night as his representative goes to show that there is a devil. (Much laughter and applause, stopped by the pointing of the clerk's gavel, which one of the city papers called a blacksmith's hammer.)

Mr. Johnson then looked perplexed, and took up a different line of questions.

Q. Now, then, Mr. Murphy, you say indeed that he caused you to steal from your mother a pound note to "take your girl to the theatre"?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you not feel rather uneasy?

A. Certainly, most everybody feels mean under such circumstances.

Q. Do you solemnly declare to this judge and jury that you know "was the devil caused you to do all these things?"

A. I do.

Mr. Geo. H. Thomas on the stand. Direct examination by Mr. Winchell:

Q. Where were you born?

A. I was born twice.

Q. What do you mean by that?

A. I was born into this world about thirty years ago, and about thirteen years ago I was born of the Spirit of God.

The witness then went on to say how the devil had led him to stealing when quite young. He belonged to a gang of boys, who were around pilfering stores. One boy would get the proprietor's attention, while another one would steal something in another part of the store, and then they would draw cuts to see who was to do the next stealing. The devil almost led him upon one occasion to commit murder. He belonged to the 1st Becho Rifle Volunteers in England, and one day, while out rifeing with blank cartridges, he got angry at the sergeant, and placed in his gun a loaded cartridge, with which to shoot the sergeant next volley, but just as he was about to fire, the words of his mother came into his mind: "Be sure your sins will find you out," and he did not fire. He was stopped or checked in his sinful career by a large mass of God just as he was about to burglarize a house.

Cross-examination by Attorney Johnson.

Q. Mr. Thomas, you were a very wild young man?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have said to this Court that you were a petty thief?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you got over this habit of stealing yet?

A. Yes, sir, since I got the Spirit of God.

[To be continued.]

STRATFORD.—Grand times all day. Twenty on the march at knee-drill, headed by the band. Glorious holiness meeting. Three souls in the afternoon, and nine at night, making twelve for the day. Hallelujah!—CAPTAIN LEE.

Central Ontario Pickings.

Ensign Arkkett is exultant to find a healthy baby boy has arrived on the scene and Mrs. Arkkett is doing well. The more the merrier, Ensign, especially if they are of the Blood-and-Fire type. God bless the Ensign too.

The following are a few extracts from letters received at the Provincial Headquarters, and they are samples of many others which we are receiving almost by every mail. Send them along:

"We had five saved yesterday at our Corps. Personally we are in good trim going in for victory. WAR CRYS selling well."

"The break has come at last. After a long spell we had one saved on Sunday, hallelujah! God is all in all to me. I am happy in Jesus' love."

"I feel in my very bones that we are going to have the victory. Anyhow, if living humble and being courageous will be any help to bring this about, then I promise you that I will be, by the grace of God, Hallelujah!"

"I love the children's work very much and am just about starting to do something. Send me on full instructions how I can make the children's work a success."

"Everything going well. The Ward System and Junior Comrades in full working order. Victory ahead."

The Brigadier and Staff Captain Jewer have been touring every Corps recently, and the city and others that are on the list. The following corps are among the number:—Brampton, Orangeville, Lippincott, Richmond Street, Ligar Street, West Toronto, Hamilton II, Oakville, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Courville, Whitby, Brocklin, Uxbridge, Markham, Scarville. At this rate our Provincial Staff will soon have covered the whole Province. God speed the war.

Lieutenant Pollard has gone to Orangeville, and already reports a break; one soul to the front.

Lieutenant Shourd is now acting a Lieutenant, and is engaged at the Temple. They continue to have souls saved.

Captain Carruthers and Cadet Smith hold the fort at Lippincott.

We are glad to hear that the father of Ensign MacNamara is better. Congratulations from your Toronto comrades, Ensign.

Arthur Street is being run by Ensign Frith, from the Wemac's Garrison, Ligar Street.

Mrs. de Barritt, with the members of the League of Mary, has visited many of the city corps on behalf of that noble work.

Captain Wiseman and Lieutenant Harris have travelled from Richmond Street. The Commandant has promoted the Captain, and so Ensign he takes charge of the Belleville District.

Ligar Street continues to report victory. The young man over whom the Brigadier and Commandant officers prayed for a solid hour, had yielded, and is now busy testing the big drum and playing the mouth-organ. The salvation of this brother, as well as that of some other hard cases, reminds one of a remark that we recently heard, that if people wouldn't get saved willingly they should be compelled to.

Captain Huxtable and Cadet Redburn hold the fort at Dovercourt. The transformation that has come over that place is something wonderful, and the congregations have increased beautifully. What we now want is a real revival. God hasten it.

Captain Wake, who has been holding on at West Toronto Junction, is on rest.

Captain and Mrs. Andrews have arrived at Riverdale, whilst their predecessors, Captain Banks and Lieutenant Tucker, have gone to hold forth at Oshawa. We are expecting tidings of victory from that stronghold.

Captain and Mrs. Garrett have been honored with quite a number of souls saved. The small meetings have become too small. Remember that the Captain has taken to manipulating a cow-bell, and can be found on Yonge Street on Saturday afternoon, cow-bell and WAR CRYS to the front.

Captain Carrie Stedgers and Lieutenant Mitchell have changed over to Gravenhurst, and we are now awaiting tidings of a break. Captain Halpney has gone on rest, and Lieutenant Frost is holding forth.

Good tidings reach us all the way from Parry Sound, and despite the cold and ice the heavenly showers are falling.

Hamilton I. and II. had a united holiness meeting on the occasion of the Brigadier's visit. The place was packed; two volunteers were forward, and five dollars collection was netted. Captain May is holding on there until the arrival of Captain Gibbs. A band of soldiers from No. I. came over to give their comrades a lift. The open-air meetings were quite a feature. The march was led by the Brigadier on a sidewalk, as when five or six people would come out to a door, stoppage was made, and some red-hot salvation poured out.

And thus the blessed holy work of salvation rolls on. News of victory continues to reach us, and whilst there is still a great deal to be done, we have the promise of that God Who has promised grace and strength to grapple with and pull down the strongholds of sin.

Amherstburg Attack.

The Captain was sick, the Lieutenant was sick, and some of the soldiers were sick. The devil was not sick, however; he was in for victory, but he got left, for on Monday night, one dear girl came to Jesus, and was saved. We are still fighting on, and determined to have victory.—CAPTAIN J. CRAWFORD, Lieutenant L. MITCHELL.

Bonavista Brisk Battles.

Since last report, the Lord has blessed our efforts, and we have been able to rejoice in seeing six souls born into the Kingdom the past week.

Friday night holiness meeting, wonderful time. A hallelujah was danced right through. Wound up with sharp shots, believing for wonderful times yet.—NEWMAN and THOMSON.

Fortune Flourishing.

Mrs. Freeman and myself and also Lieutenant Bishop spent a night at this place, and had a very enjoyable time. The barracks at this place is getting fixed up a bit. We had a banquet some time ago and raised \$18, for the purpose of improving the barracks; so, with Lieutenant Cooper in charge, it is going along very well. We commissioned seven sergeants at this place, and explained the duties to the public. Mrs. Freeman sang and spoke, and then the net was drawn in, but no souls.—H. FREEMAN, D. O.

Bear River Bear Haters.

God is blessing us. We have seen a few coming to the Cross lately.

Sunday morning we had our first seven a. m. knee-drill. It was one of the most blessed meetings I have been in for some time. God came right in our midst, and wonderfully spoke to our hearts.

Sunday afternoon we had a prohibition meeting; it was well attended. The Lieutenant read from Proverbs xx. 1, and spoke for some time about the evil of temperance. A number of the congregation spoke on the question, among whom were Mrs. Price, Vice President of the W.C.T.U., and several members of the Union. The meeting was enjoyed by all present.

On Sunday night, the subject was, "The Power of God to Save from Drink, Tobacco, and Rum."

On Monday, we were favored with a visit from the Officer of the Circle, Captain Edwards, of Digby. We had a real, rousing meeting, but sorry to have to report that we had to close without any souls. We had the privilege of addressing a large congregation in the Temperance Hall on the prohibition question on Tuesday night. We are in for victory, and God is helping us.—B. R. C. P.

Bits From Brandon.

Four souls out for salvation on Sunday night. The old devil fought long and hard, but when we started at half-past six, we started for victory, and we did not intend to give in. We are going to give him a proper pounding.—Cadet J. W. HAYTER, Brandon Garrison.

Since we last wrote, two souls sought and found salvation. One, a poor backslider, who has proved that the ways of the transgressors are hard.

We made a determined bombardment on the salmons on Saturday night after the meeting, and got wonderfully blessed in our souls. We divided up into companies, and attacked the devil on all sides. He kicked, but we stuck to our colors, and the Lord opened up the way for us to have prayer in no less than four hotels. Glory be to him. And we left many thinking seriously about salvation.—Cadet A. WILKINS.

Wednesday night we had a Hinduo meeting and march, and had a good time.

Sunday, we had a splendid time all day, and the meeting in the jail was grand. It is beautiful to hear the boys testify. God keeps them good and well saved. The Winnipeg brass band will be here this week, so look out for our next report. We pray that God will make them a blessing to Brandon, and may many souls come to the light, in the prayer of yours in the War.—Cadet W. H. CORWAY.

Carbonara Conquering.

Since you last heard from us we have been having the victory. Last Friday night eleven out for cleansing, three for pardon.

Sunday we had the privilege of having Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read, being their last visit. The meetings were largely attended, and at night five souls knelt at the Cross, for which we give God the glory and march on to conquer Carbonara for God.—Captain Spoor, Lieutenant PETERMAN.

Friday Evening.

to describe that beautiful man singing of the first song.

at Jesus have the stars die?"

testimony and address was

holy influence pervaded it was

a time of feelings, intense and

God, rather than words, human

hearts were touched, consciences

and all, we believe, were inspired

responsive to "hold fast"

have been convinced or right

down before the Lord, a com-

which can not be easily obliterated

memories of these present. From

in all directions, converts were

their way to the Cross. Delib-

ately, coming out to give up all

to many of them, meaning up

to almost three hundred in the

the morning, all, commencing with

follow at all costs.

devotion and loyalty to our

and seventeen months of blood

in these comrades, who have

nobly, and strengthened our

in faithfulness and prayer in

city and prosperity.

edly lost, was the little, after-

with Captain Mease, and the

source Home.

evening—two months ago—the

itted, and it did our souls good

in sing such songs as:

at Oshawa, I'm living in the land

days ago they were in a land

it ranks are taking a deep and

set in this little home. And

have "written it up" in cele-

The Government has been pe-

March we steamed off St. John's

in mind a head of officers

who are prepared to live and

principles and be true to the

their last, when for nearly two

in them) and as strains of these

followed as across the waves,

response to the one:

ing: His soldiers fighting.

we shall overcome be-

on by Thy power."

in your whole-hearted earnest-

ness and, done Newfoundland,

to you mighty victories.

your sympathy and co-opera-

most again if we "hold fast"

"There the sergeants come to roll."

ing these few "Notes" at Hal-

lifax have had an enjoyable Sunday

people kneeling at the postmen-

ville yoklings.

ing, as we were just getting

in a Car calling, Sergeant-Major

the glad news that the water

No money in the treasury

There is an old saying "that

handed would not come to

handed had to go to the

our humble servant know

would not mind itself, as we

are to send it, and we were

that could do it. We hunted

up and abouts we could, and

up to the time of writing it

are we are believing to get

I am sorry we cannot afford

turned out in the WAR CRYS

and shored, or do anything

ship to get souls saved and

renewed. God is helping

Souls are getting saved, and

ELM STREET FRIDAY MEETINGS 2 B CONTINUED

